

# Life

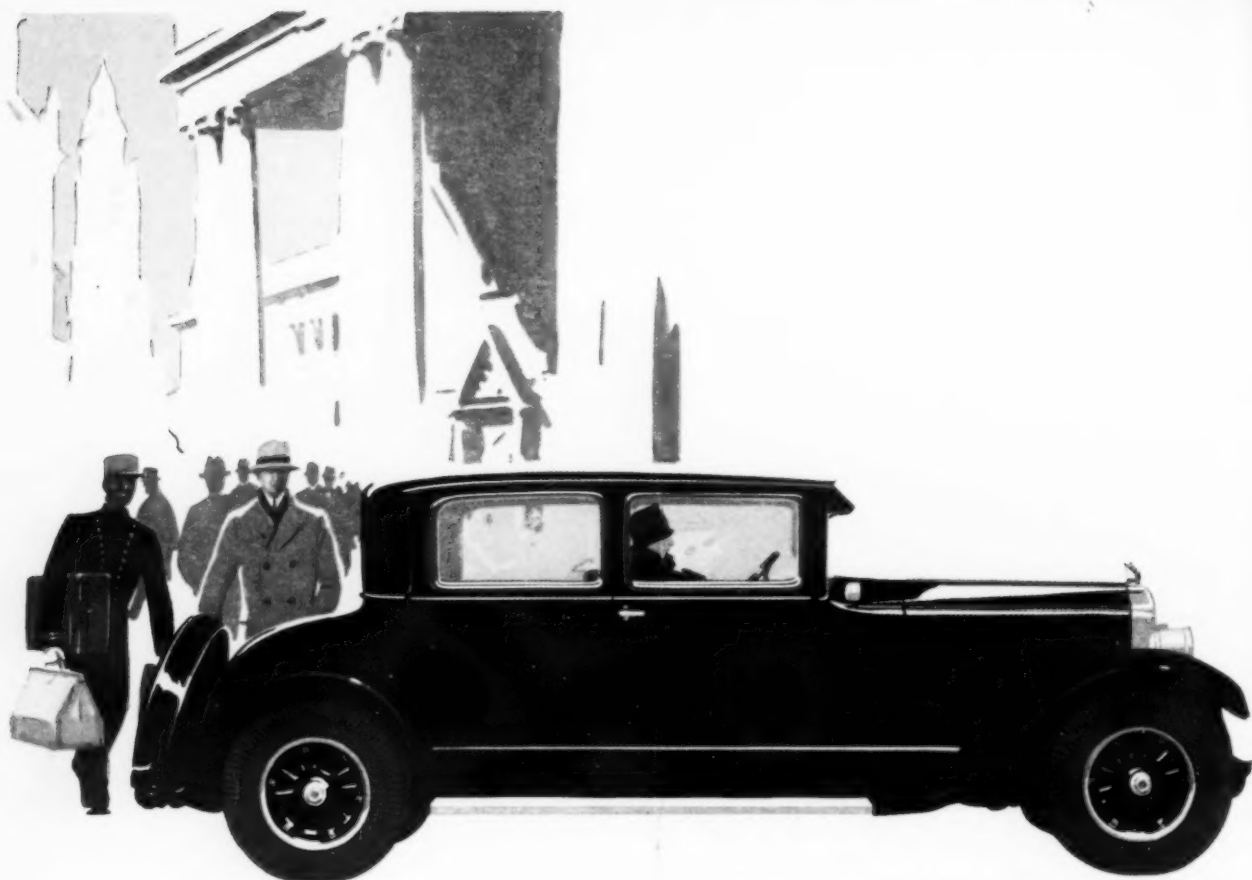
St. Patrick's  
Number

MARCH 17, 1927

PRICE/BRANTS



THE WEARING OF THE GRIN



# CHRYSLER IMPERIAL "80"

SUCH brilliant mastery of distance; so smooth and silent and vibrationless; so luxurious in comfort and appointment—the motoring wise everywhere are unreservedly characterizing the Imperial "80"—supreme expression of Chrysler Standardized Quality—"as fine as money can build".

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN  
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONT.

Eight body styles, priced from \$2495 to \$3595,  
f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

## *The Supreme Interpretation of Chrysler Standardized Quality*

The Chrysler plan of Quality Standardization differs from, and is superior to, ordinary manufacturing practice and methods, because it demands fixed and inflexible quality standards which enforce the same scrupulously close limits—the same rigid rule of engineering exactness—the same absolute accuracy and precision of alignment and assembly—in the measurement, the machining and the manufacturing of every part, practice and process in four lines of Chrysler cars—"50", "60", "70" and Imperial "80"—so that each individual car shall be the Supreme Value in its own class.



CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS MEAN MILES PER HOUR

## Repentance

I AM alone with all my wan regret...  
 Ah, once, when I was young, I  
 knew the wine;  
 And many the rendezvous I kept  
 with debt,  
 And many the wanton did I deem  
 divine;  
 Went singing, singing gaily in the  
 night,  
 And cast the gamester's dice be-  
 fore my vote.  
 Splendid I strode, where splendid  
 was the light;  
 And never a stripling sowed a  
 wilder oat.

I am alone with all my wan regret...  
 Ah, what a spendthrift was I of  
 the years,  
 Squandering that rich youth which  
 must beget  
 Out of its youth but reveries and  
 tears.  
 Now I am old, a prey to gout and  
 dreams,  
 Living the past, as ancients ever  
 do;  
 Sadly I muse because, at times, it  
 seems  
 I may have overlooked an oat or  
 two.  
*James Kevin McGuinness.*

## Pariah

OF course I shall have to leave  
 town and attempt to begin all  
 over again where my past is un-  
 known. I cannot remain here, where  
 my business associates eye me pity-  
 ingly, knowing that the new sales  
 manager, Mr. Goomis, has given me  
 to understand that my time is up at  
 the end of the month. And what I  
 did seemed, at the time, so venial!

My blunder occurred at a little  
 dinner given by the sales force in  
 honor of Mr. Goomis. All had gone  
 pleasantly enough; Mr. Goomis, who  
 sat at my right, seemed to take a  
 particular interest in me. And when,  
 in response to the general demand,  
 he rose to "say a few words," I sank  
 back contentedly enough, certainly  
 with no presentiment of disaster. It  
 is true I had drunk a good deal;  
 but my nerves were steady, I knew  
 what I was about, and except for a  
 slight feeling of unusual vigor, pos-  
 sibly of daring, I was quite normal.  
 Even now I cannot account for that  
 fatal *faux pas*...

I only know that when Goomis,  
 after the usual apology for his lack  
 of forensic ability, cleared his throat  
 and began: "That reminds me of the  
 story of the Scotchman who took his  
 wife for an airplane ride—now stop  
 me if you've heard this one—"

*I stopped him!*

*L. C. Beutel.*



"The food on a Cunarder, Sir,  
 is quite what one hopes to find in  
 the best restaurants ashore

"Not only absolutely fresh, sir, it is the finest  
 that can be procured. Our markets sound like  
 an epicure's idea of geography.

"Perfectly cooked. Our chefs de cuisine all  
 studied under the great Escoffier, and they see  
 that the suggestions he recently made especially  
 for Cunard cuisine are expertly carried out.

"We have been working on it for two  
 years, sir, until now every detail of our cuisine  
 is perfect.

"You may order your favorite Paris, London  
 or New York dish on any of our ships and be  
 delighted with it.

"Quite cosmopolitan, sir. Of course that is  
 essential on a Cunarder in order to keep our  
 service up to the standards of our passengers.

"By the way, have you seen the new suites  
 on the AQUITANIA? They're really large,  
 and beautifully furnished. Rather like charm-  
 ing rooms in country houses. In fact a few of  
 the suites have Sun Rooms.

"The ultimate touch? The Cunard has al-  
 ways been just a little ahead, sir.

"You would be delighted with your trip.  
 The best people do prefer traveling Cunard.  
 They particularly like our service. English  
 stewards; and they are deft you know."

# CUNARD LINE

AQUITANIA • BERENGARIA • MAURETANIA

25 Broadway • New York



1840 • EIGHTY • SEVEN • YEARS • OF • SERVICE • 1927



*after*

# SHAVING

## DELIGHTFUL

Here is a new treat for you. As bracing as the wind—as exhilarating as a shower bath.

Listerine after shaving. Simply douse on the face full strength.

Immediately it sets you up. Your whole face feels cool, soothed, yet invigorated. There is an amazing sense of exhilaration you'll like.

If the razor scrapes, Listerine stops the smarting. If the face burns, Listerine cools it. And you are left with a nice feeling of safety—for Listerine contains antiseptic ingredients that lessen the danger of infection.

Just try Listerine this way the next time you shave. We'll wager you will be as delighted as those happy ones who have written us letters about it. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, U.S.A.

# LISTERINE

THEY STICK TO IT!

The way we get new users for Listerine Tooth Paste is to get people to try it just once. After that they rarely switch.  
LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS



*and as an*  
**ASTRINGENT**

**INEXPENSIVE**

Here's good news for any woman who has rebelled at paying the remarkable prices usually charged for astringents.

Listerine is a natural astringent, neither too harsh nor too weak. One that is safe for all types of skin, yet ridiculously low in cost.

After removing the cream you merely douse it on the face full strength. Dilute if you prefer.

You can feel it firmly closing the pores. You can feel it draw up lazy, sagging muscles. Your entire face is stimulated. You look—and feel—younger.

So many women have told us how delighted they are with Listerine used this way that we want you to know about it. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.

**R I N E**

*— the safe antiseptic*

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*The Book of Hosiery*

**T**HE AMERICAN FOOT IS NOW CLAD IN SILK; almost universally men have adopted the silk sock, not only because of its elegance, but because of its real economy. The man who looks at footwear with understanding eyes is sure to appreciate what Phoenix has done toward the improvement of quality and the lowering of price. But Phoenix leadership has never been more strikingly evidenced than in the production of its remarkable number 284, which retails everywhere for only

75 cents  
a pair



PHOENIX  
SILK SOCKS

MILWAUKEE



# Life

## Room No. 13

(Showing How Easy It Is to Write a Mystery Story in the First Person)

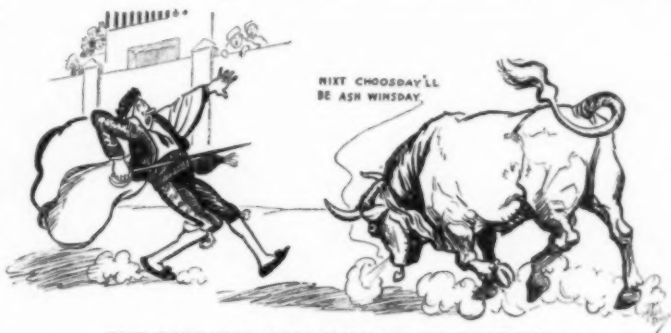
A WOMAN'S scream, two shots, an earthquake, the pop of a wine bottle, the crash of pins on a bowling alley; all in the next room, and then—silence.

I sprang out of bed, found the floor cold, went to bed again, and then sprang out again, landing in my bedroom slippers. Hastily slipping on a few bedclothes, I went to the door of the next room and knocked. Instantly there came a roar, a few frightful groans, the sound of falling bodies and the impatient squawking of taxi horns. Thinking no more of the matter, I went back to bed, only to be awakened by shrieks of satanic laughter, the sound of a load of coal being dumped, and a woman's muffled wail. I listened closely, hoping the noise would be repeated, but not a sound came from within except the strains of "The Rhapsody in Blue," played by a thirty-piece orchestra.

The room seemed to sway, and I had all I could do, stuffing hotel towels into my bag. I waited for a few moments and then noticed a wisp of smoke curling up under the base-board. The fiends were destroying all evidences of their crime!

Armed with a fire extinguisher,

which I hastily ripped from the wall in the hallway, a drawn revolver and the latest copy of my favorite magazine, I went to the door next to mine and rapped. There was no answer.



THE TOREADOR GETS HOLD OF AN IRISH BULL.

I turned the knob. It came off into my hand. I thrust open the door. It fell in. I entered the room. The floor sank beneath my feet, carrying me down into the basement.

I looked about me. A beautiful girl was tending the furnace. When she saw me, she gave a cry and fainted into my arms.

And that, children, is how I came to meet your mother.

Edmund J. Kiefer.

### Insuperable

"WHY are you so sure you never could marry him?"

"Why, he doesn't smoke my kind of cigarettes!"

## Development

SCENE: New York. TIME: 1977.

HE (fully five seconds after giving number): Say, I'm waiting.

OPERATOR: I'm ringingum, mister. (Two seconds elapse.)

HE (banging receiver hook): Say, I can't wait all day.

OPERATOR: I'm ringingum, mister.

(Three seconds elapse.)

HE: Say, operator, is there anybody at the Exchange that would like to phone some chess moves while you're—

OPERATOR: I'm ringingum, mister.

(Four seconds elapse.)

HE: Operator, congratulations on your ninety-third birthday. To what do you attribute your long life?

OPERATOR: Here's your par-tee, mister.

HE: Hello... Effingham? Gerald Effingham. What? Oh... sorry. (Jiggles hook.) Operator, I asked for Gerrard 2280, London—0 not 7. Talk about service—my Gawd!

Tupper Greenwald.

### Spring Comes to the Wardrobe

FIRST MOTH: The moth that just flew off has sort of a breezy way about him.

SECOND MOTH: Yes; he's from the Middle Vest.



### Auld Lang Syne

First Clubman: I SAW "ABIE'S IRISH ROSE" LAST NIGHT.

Second Roué: HAS IT CHANGED ANY SINCE WE WERE BOYS?





THE MAN WHO WENT BACK TO THAT TUMBLE-DOWN SHACK IN ATHLONE.

## Overheard in the Lounge Room

"HELLO, Jim. How are you? Say, did you hear the big news? About me, I mean. I've quit the bond game. Yes, quit it cold. Couldn't stand it. It was kind of dull. You know. Babbitt stuff. Selling and all that. I got fired. I've got a new line now. It's great. But literary, kind of. It suits me fine. Yes, advertising. How did you guess it? Gosh, it's wonderful. The job, I mean. It's kind of creative. I'm on towels now. I'm working on towels. Yes, sheets too.

It's great stuff. But people don't buy it. Not as much as they should. That's my job. Make them buy it. I'll like it, I guess. I didn't like bond selling. I'm not a salesman, I guess. You know. I'm not the type. But this is different. It's not like selling. It's more literary. And I'm like that. Always was. You know. Different. Kind of creative."

W. W. Scott.

"DO you believe in a third term?"  
"Not for a spokesman."



## Add Evils of Prohibition

McCarthy: AIN'T THIS A HELL UV A WAY TO BE CELYBRATIN' SAINT PATRICK'S DAY?

## Hyphenated

MY heart is often filled with woe,  
I'm moved to many a briny  
tear in  
The plaints of them that yearn to go  
Back home to Erin.

Sadly I sob, and deeply sigh,  
While down my cheek the tears go  
bubblin'.

To hear some poet's piteous cry  
For Dear Ould Dublin!

And when they tell how much  
they've missed  
The moors, the bogs, the homely  
neighbors,  
Such pathos I cannot resist—  
I weep, bejabbers!

Yet this I deem the least bit odd:  
That they who most devoutly pine  
To tread once more the Dear Ould  
Sod

Have names like mine!

D'Annunzio Cohen.

## Some Kid

CHICAGO CARRIE: I'm quittin'  
t'-night.

BOSTON BESSIE: Whatcha quittin'  
for, kid?

C. C.: Goin' to get married.

B. B.: Who you goin' to marry?

C. C.: I got a peach of a fella this time. He's an experienced kid, believe me. He used to run rum in from Canada but he quit that an' joined up with the Ganna Gang. He's a hustler, that boy. He hangs around cabarets and makes quite a little money that way and he does a little second-story work for a side-line.

B. B.: You don't say? Gee, he's some kid, all right.

C. C.: You bet he's some kid. He killed a policeman once. It was just after I got my last divorce.

B. B.: You don't say. Has he ever been married?

C. C.: Three times. His last wife ditched him for another guy, but he was goin' with another girl at the time and didn't mind.

B. B.: Gee, I bet you two get along fine.

C. C.: I do, too. He's some kid, all right.

S. A. M.

BEFORE the age of flappers what did boys wear around their necks?



"AH, A NEW BRICK BUILDIN' FOR THAT VACANT LOT OF GROGAN'S—'T WILL BE A GREAT IMPROVEMENT."  
 "Y'RE WRONG, ME B'YE—'TIS NO BUILDIN'. GROGAN IS HAVIN' A ST. PATRICK'S PARTY THIS EVENIN'."

## The Model Boy

According to the Advertisements

HE'S a sturdy lad, a happy youngster, with fresh, rosy-colored cheeks and the healthful habit of eating plenty of peanut butter between meals and chewing gum with lasting flavor, and he's the best speller in school because of a hot cereal breakfast every morning as well as cod liver oil, milk at recess through sanitary straws, and orange juice prescribed by eighty-seven out of a hundred doctors with valuable mineral acids. He never balks at eating spinach since now it is served with French dressing, he attends a school with manhood a part of the curriculum, carries the ball in the big game because of an insurance policy, reads the Books of Knowledge, the Junior Classics, and the Five-Foot Shelf for children, longs for a real rifle, is champion of his gang because he owns a saxophone, plays a harmonica, a musical saw, and a Hawaiian guitar just like a Hawaiian, does wonders with a chemical set and structural steel work now in colors, learns to mount birds

and animals by mail, makes big money raising rabbits, and spends most of his time romping about and trying to wear out his trousers and stockings which can't and won't rip, and will grow up some day to be a regular high-class consumer educated to join the Book-of-the-Month Club, get a dominating personality and be an outstanding success in business and social life.

W. W. Scott.



Necessity Is the Mother, etc.

THE TEACHER MADE A. B. DICK, JR., WRITE HIS NAME FIVE HUNDRED TIMES.

## The Lowdown on St. Patrick

(After the Present - Day Biographers Finish with Him.)

HE slipped the snake \$10,000 to "lay down."

He shattered the hearts of seventeen colleens.

He smoked, drank, cussed and played pinochle.

His name wasn't really Patrick.

He wasn't a saint at all.

He didn't exist.

## Still Another One

JEALOUS WIFE: Who was that woman with you last night at the café?

BRIGHT MOVIE STAR: That was Lon Chaney, dear.

### "Bottoms Up!"

**JEAN AUGUSTE DETROIS**, a waiter in one of the taverns in Montreal largely patronized by thirsty Americans, has been taken to the Hôtel Dieu for observation. His mind has been affected by a certain incident which happened last week.

He was serving a stout, ruddy New Yorker. He had taken his order for the dinner and was waiting patiently while his customer pored over the wine list.

The prospective drinker was going over it page by page. There were the champagnes. He read them carefully and turned to the white wines of Bordeaux—Mont St. Jean, Graves, Barsac, Sauterne, Château Yquem. Nothing doing.

The red wines of St. Emilion, Médoc, St. Julien, Pontet-Canet, Batailley, and Château Margaux he read without ordering, and moved along to the wines of Burgundy, the

Beaujolais and Chambertin, the Chablis and Montrachet. From there he proceeded to the sparkling Burgundy and the sherry, the port,



*Indefatigable Messenger Boy: CALL FOR PATRICK TERENCE O'SHAUGHNESSY!*

the Chianti, and Asti Spumante. He studied the list of ale, lager, and stout at the end. Then he laid down the wine list.

Jean Auguste Detrois stood by, his pencil poised, his head cocked attentively. The American spoke:

"Say," he demanded, "haven't you got any fresh milk in this joint?"

Bus-boys removed Jean Auguste Detrois from the carpet where he had fallen.

*Rud Rennie.*



**Maude:** THE BOY I'M GOING WITH NOW THINKS OF NOTHING BUT NECKING.

**Claire:** WHAT CAN YOU DO WITH A FELLOW LIKE THAT?

**Maude:** NECK.

### Greetings

*As an Irish Novelist Would Do It*

"**AH!** An' is it yourself? Sure an' it's the blue o' the Irish hill-tops an' the haze of the Lakes o' Killarney that's in the eyes o' you this fine Irish mornin'. An' have the fairies been good to you? Whisht, how could they be other than good to a colleen as fair an' bloomin' with the beauty of the heather as yourself? An' you with great lovely lumps o' the old sod on the shoes of you an' a great love for it burnin' in the heart of you. Was you out playin' with the leprechauns this mornin' an' are the little fellows fine? As who wouldn't who enjoys the freedom of the Emerald Isle with scamperin' around among the sham-rocks? The little people themselves it is who bear the true love for the heaven o' man that the hearts o' us poor folks are too small for. And are you comin' in, mavourneen, to be sittin' a spell by the cracklin' fire o' true Irish peat? For it's glad that we are to be seein' you this radiant mornin'."

*As an Irishman Would Do It*

"'Lo, kid. Come on in an' take a load off your feet."

*Carroll Carroll.*

### Obnoxious

**HIGGS:** That man Biggs is a pest.  
**Riggs:** Yes; going around telling about the cute things his radio says.

## "It Seems There Were Once Two Irishmen ..."

By Henry William Hanemann

Lord Dunsany

UPON an evening of the forgotten years the gods were seated upon Mowrah Nawut above Mlideen holding idle converse. There was Blypp, the god of This, and Mwymm, the god of That; Rawban, the god of Indigestion, and

"Well," said Zimm, during a lull in the conversation, "it seems there was once two Irishmen..."

A terrible clap of thunder shook the very foundations of Mowrah Nawut which fell on top of Mlideen and that is why to this day the fox has a white tip to his tail, or brush, if you want to be technical about it.

\* \* \*

Lady Gregory, J. M. Synge, W. B. Yeats and John McCormack

SCENE: A cottage kitchen. CATHLEEN, a young girl, is spinning; NORA, another young girl, is putting the finishing touches on a harp.

NORA: Whisht! 'Tis herself! (CATHLEEN stops spinning. MOIRA, an old woman, enters.)

MOIRA: Belike 'tis belike 'tis belike-like, is it?

CATHLEEN (who is still dizzy from spinning): Where?

MOIRA: In th' sea — th' black, black sea. Where else?

(A young priest enters. He throws a battered, soggy hat on the table.)

MOIRA (clutching at her breast): Michael! (The priest lays a dripping dudeen alongside of the hat.)

CATHLEEN (clutching at her breast): Patrick!

THE PRIEST: 'Tis the black, black sea! Heaven send you strength, sisters. I'll be back. (He goes out.)

THE THREE WOMEN (keen-ing in unison): It seems there was once two Irishmen... wouch! wouch! wouch!

AN EERIE VOICE (which comes from practically nowhere): So — God bless ye and kape ye — Mothah Machreeceee.

CURTAIN.

\* \* \*

Oscar Wilde

"It seems there were once two Irishmen — I need hardly mention the other one."

\* \* \*

Donn Byrne

Tell me, does the sun still shine on the lolly willows of Ballymornach? Do the dark-haired lasses still walk home in the starlight from the jaunting carts of (Continued on page 36)



### Entering the War Zone

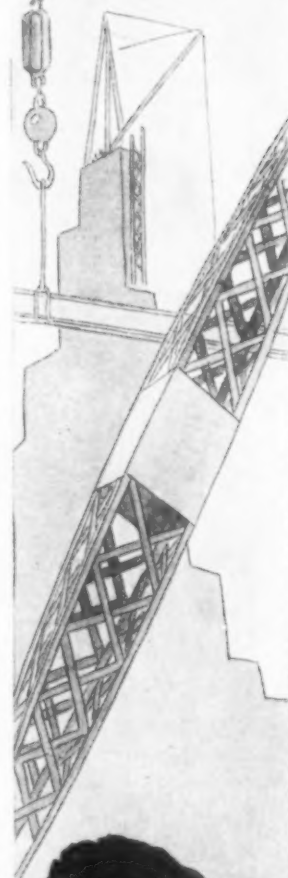
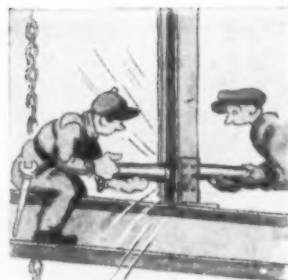
Timid Passenger: WHEN WE GET TO HERRIN, ILLINOIS, I WANT YOU TO WAKE ME UP.

Porter: DOES YOU GET OFF THERE, SIR?

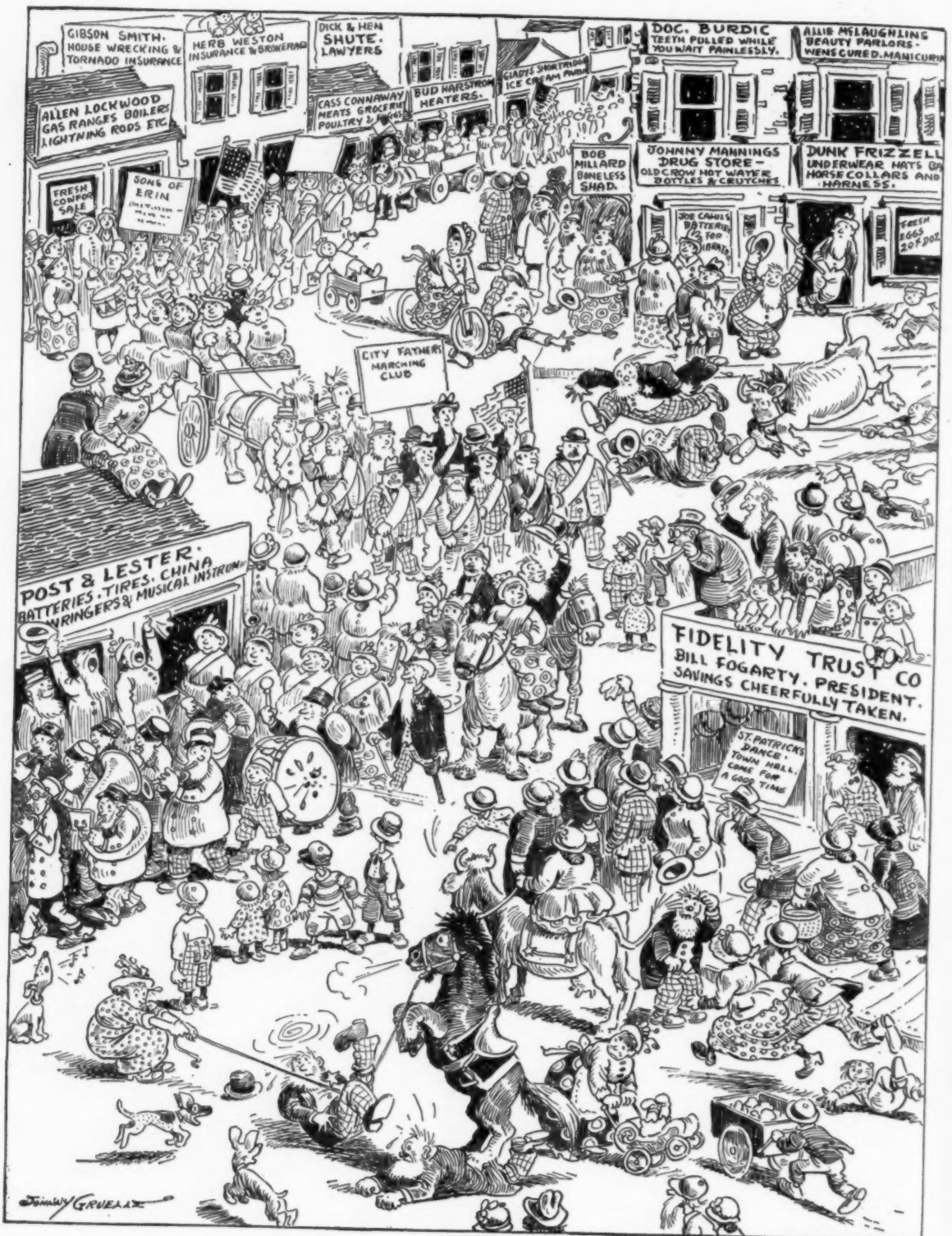
Timid Passenger: NO, I WANT YOU TO LOCK ME IN THE WASHROOM!

Poon, who makes collar buttons roll under bureaus, Oog, Boog, and Dhowl and "Red" Schnitzhauser, who was a Mackay on his mother's side.

And over in one corner was a mean little god called Zimm to whom all Hang-nails are sacred. For twice the span of seven thousand cycles he had been awaiting the chance to say something and was whimpering with eagerness.



Deaf Old Lady: HOW DELIGHTFUL! A LOCUST SINGING ON BROADWAY! WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT!



The St. Patrick's Day Parade in  
Yayhoo Center

## Dinner Chat

(If you believe the correspondence school advertisements.)

MR. QUINBY (the host): Ah, ma chère Madame Spratt! Comme je dis tous les jours—

MRS. QUINBY (brightly): The six largest cities in the United States were, in their order and according to the 1920 census, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, Cleveland and St. Louis.

MR. QUINBY: Vous aimez bien le poulet rôti, Madame Spratt?

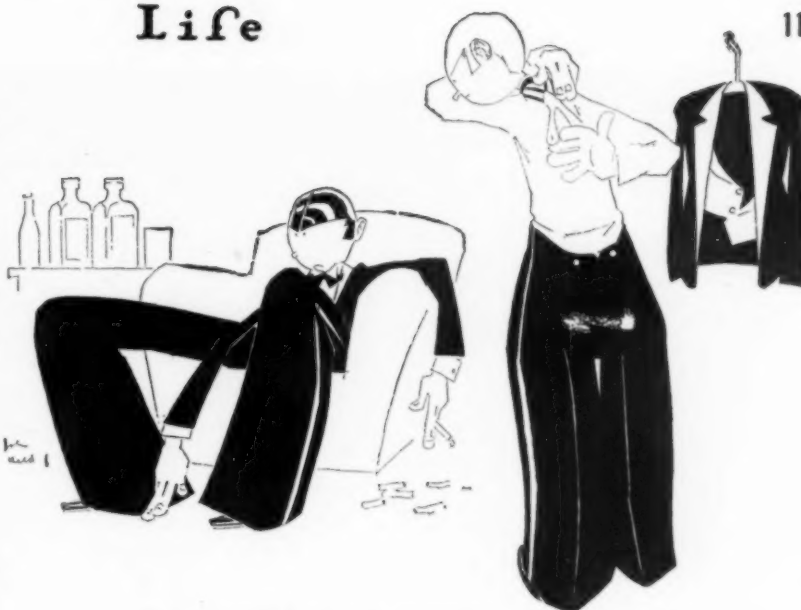
MRS. SPRATT: A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

MR. QUINBY: Où avez-vous trouvé ce bon mot?

MRS. SPRATT: Elbert Hubbard's Scrap Book. Vernon, dear, you haven't said a word all evening. Do something to entertain us.

(Mr. Spratt promptly obliges by singing four Negro spirituals, his wife accompanying on the easily mastered saxophone, which she has thoughtfully brought along.)

MRS. QUINBY: I shall now explain the Third Proposition of Euclid, which I picked up through the Five-Foot Shelf. (She explains it, but there is no use in our going into details here.)



"I HEAR YOUR GIRL GOT MARRIED THE OTHER DAY."

"YEAH."

"TOUGH LUCK."

"WHO DID SHE MARRY?"

"YEAH."

"ME."

MR. QUINBY: Have you tried "Questions and Answers," a copy of which may be procured for one dollar and thirty-five cents at any drug store? No. 1. In what year was Hasdrubal born? No. 2. How many

square rods in an acre? No. 3. Name the components of acetic acid. No. 4. Who is Calvin Coolidge?

(All the answers are, of course, correct, and the dinner breaks up in general merriment.)

\* \* \*

(But if you, as you shouldn't, don't believe the ads.)

MRS. QUINBY: Do you prefer light or dark meat, Mrs. Spratt?

MRS. SPRATT: Oh, either one; I'm really crazy about both.

MRS. QUINBY: No, but which do you prefer?

MRS. SPRATT: It doesn't make the slightest bit of difference, my dear.

MR. QUINBY (after a strained pause of twenty minutes): Well, we'll have some bridge after dinner, Spratt. You play bridge, of course?

MR. SPRATT: No.

Tip Bliss.

## The Go-Getter's Son

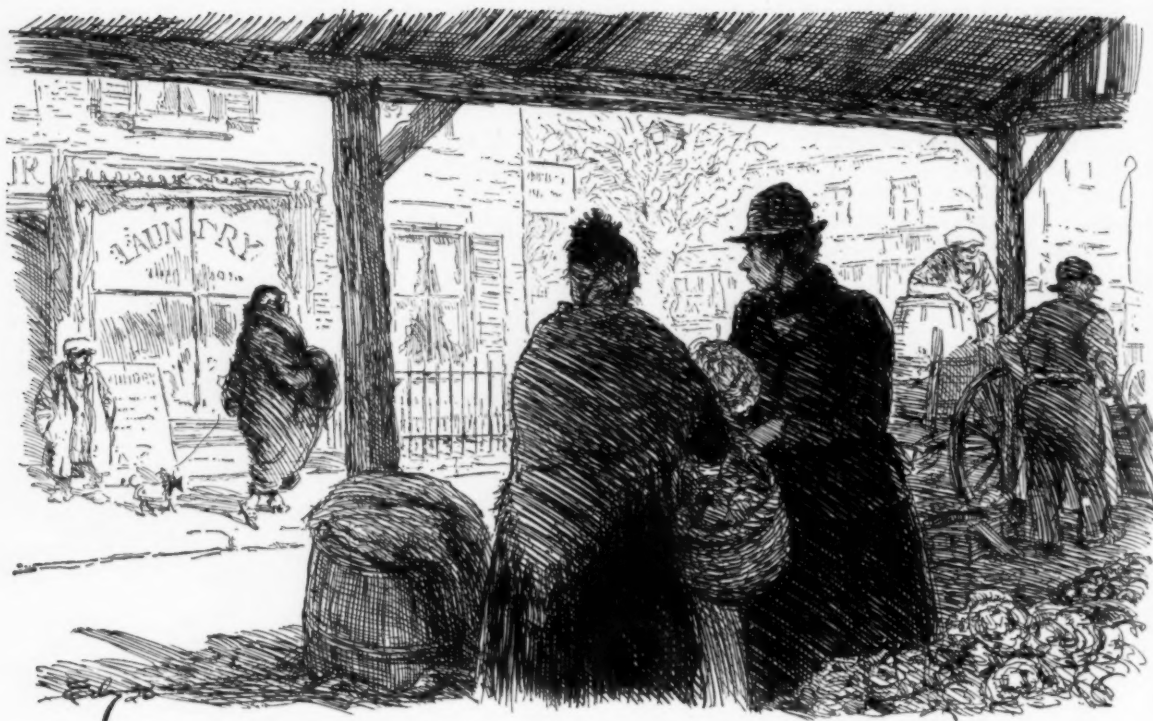
"DADDY, I have splendid news for you. The third-grade teacher is going to retain my services for another year!"



## Something Old

Old-Fashioned Relative: HAVE YOU A BIT OF YOUR GRANDMOTHER'S LACE TO WEAR WITH YOUR WEDDING GOWN, MY DEAR?

The Bride: NO, BUT I'M CARRYING GRANDMA'S CIGARETTE CASE.



"THERE GOES MRS. MULCAHY, FLAUNTIN' THE WEALTH HER HUSBAND MADE CON-  
TRACTIN' FER THE CITY."  
"SURE AN' SHE OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED—TAKIN' THE BREAD OUT OF HONEST PEOPLE'S  
MOUTHS AN' PUTTIN' IT ON HER OWN BACK."

### Parties Like This

**SHE:** I simply *love* parties like this where everybody just sort of gets up informally and *does* things, don't you?

**He:** Yes, they're great, aren't they?

**SHE:** Perfectly priceless....Look, why don't you get Lydia to do the Black Bottom?

**He:** Somebody just asked her and she said she wouldn't for the world—too many people here.

**SHE:** Oh, gosh—can't you persuade her? Well, anyways, why don't you get Ted Moofy to do that screaming clog dance of his?

**He:** I asked him about five minutes ago and he said nobody here knew the music for it.

**SHE:** Well, why doesn't he just get up and do anything?

**He:** I dunno....

**SHE:** I tell you, my dear—you get up and tell the crowd that simply *marvelous* story about the Irishmen.

**He (in terror):**

I—oh, heavens, no—I couldn't possibly—they've all heard that one, anyway....Look here, though—why don't you and Johnnie Wetsmacker do that "Bowery Hesitation"? You know, the one you did in the Junior League show—it was a wow!

**SHE:** Oh, I couldn't possibly—I'd be embarrassed to tears—besides, he steps on my feet.

**He:** Well, this would be a great

party if somebody would just get up and do something.

**SHE (enthusiastically):** Yes, I think parties like this are *simply* great!  
*Lloyd Mayer.*

### Relativity

1908

**CITY WOMAN (looking over summer hotel):** What a tiny band-box of a bedroom! Impossible!

1918

**CITY WOMAN (seeing same room):** This room is rather cramped. Still, it might be smaller.

1928

**CITY WOMAN (same room, same hotel):** What a fine, large room! Why, it is as big as our living-room at home!



UP-TO-DATE IRISH JAUNTING CAR.

## PRIZE WINNERS



## ALIBI NUMBER NINE

*Restaurant Patron:* MY WAITER DISAPPEARED HALF AN HOUR AGO! WHAT'S BECOME OF HIM?

*Waiter:* WELL, YOU SEE, SIR, IT'S THIS WAY... You ordered American cheese and we only had Dutch, so he has taken it out to get it naturalized.

This Alibi, which wins the first prize of \$50.00, was submitted by

G. F. ELLIOT,  
St. Clare Apartments,  
Barrie Street,  
Kingston, Ontario, Canada.

Five second prizes have been awarded to the following:

C. D. BEERS, *Baltimore, Maryland*, for the Alibi: "The place was padlocked and it took half an hour to reorganize under new management."

WILLIAM H. BELL, *St. Louis, Missouri*, for the Alibi: "You ordered wild turkey, sir, and your waiter is out now teasing one."

KATHLEEN M. HEARD, *Covington, Georgia*, for the Alibi: "He's one of a rapidly disappearing class."

WARREN HEATH, *San Francisco, California*, for the Alibi: "The chef is French, and whenever any one orders cabinet pudding, he makes it up fresh from a different recipe."

LOUISE C. WOOD, *Indianapolis, Indiana*, for the Alibi: "He believes that the true glory of service lies in self-effacement."

Next Week We Will Announce the Winners  
of ALIBI NUMBER TEN

## ALIBI CONTEST

Conditions of the Contest on page 40

## \$100.00 Weekly in Prizes

HAVE you tried your hand at Alibi-throwing—the new National Sport? It is good fun and good practice (you never know when you may need Alibis for personal use); furthermore, it's profitable.

The picture below shows a handsome film star in an embarrassing predicament. Can you suggest a clever explanation for him to use in this emergency?

Have a try at it. Remember that all answers to ALIBI NUMBER FOURTEEN must reach LIFE's office before 12 noon on March 31, 1927.

The prizes are as follows:

First Prize, \$50.00

Five Second Prizes of \$10.00 each

ALIBI NUMBER FIFTEEN will be published in LIFE next week.

Read the conditions carefully—and go to it!

## ALIBI NUMBER FOURTEEN



Western L. GARDNER

*She:* YOU TOLD ME THAT YOU'RE A BACHELOR. IN THAT CASE, HOW DO YOU ACCOUNT FOR THE WIFE AND CHILD?  
*He (a movie star):* WELL, YOU SEE, IT'S THIS WAY...

## JUST BETWEEN US GIRLS



"WELL, my dear, having been CONSUMED for YEARS with a MAD desire to see this exCRU-ciating 'ABIE'S IRISH ROSE' thing which practicably EVERYBODY you KNOW says is all WET, my dear, I FINALLY sucCEEDed in WITnessing it the other night and ACTUALLY, my dear, I SIMPLY HOWLED because I mean I don't care what ANYbody says, my dear, I HONestly think it is FRIGHTfully CLEVer in SPOTS, I mean, because I mean you can underSTAND it because I mean it is perfectly straightFORward, sort of, instead of being all kind of comPLEX and inVOLved and everything the way all these POISONous plays that are supposed to be so SMART and everything are, and I mean I could HONestly FOLlow practicably every WORD of it without THINKing about it at ALL because I mean it's just NOTHING at all in the LONG run except a lot of TRIPE but I mean I was SIMPLY convULSED, my dear. Well, ANYways, my dear, you see the PLOT of it is that this BOY, you see, who is supposed to be JEWish gets MARRIED three or four TIMES to this GIRL who is supposed to be IRISH but I mean this boy's FATHER thinks she is JEWish until he finds OUT she is IRISH and I mean it just goes on ENDlessly like THAT, I mean, until in the LAST act everything ends HAPPily because I mean instead of having just ONE baby they are TWINS, one of which is IRISH and one JEWISH, you see, which sort of REConciles EVERYbody—can you BEAR it, my dear? But ANYways I think it is a FAR better PLAY than that POISONous 'What Price GLORY' thing because I mean there isn't a BIT of SHOOTing in it ANYwheres, my dear—I mean there ACTUALLY ISN'T!"

Lloyd Mayer.

## They Sent Regrets

"HOW'D Spratt get the black eye?"

"Had another argument with that large wife of his. She asked what they should wear to the fancy dress ball—and he suggested going either as 'Flesh and the Devil' or 'Mahomet and the Mountain.'"

## Middle Age

LET the young rain of spring perfume the earth  
So we may walk on scented paths, and sweet,  
In the wild moment when a love nears birth,  
Unconscious of disaster round our feet.

I'll think of you, my dear, when, later on,  
I nurse the cold that settles in my chest.  
Don't snifle, darling, for a love that's gone.  
Nature, the wise one, Nature knows what's best.

James Kevin McGuinness.

## Justice in Gehenna

SATAN: It was unfortunate that you, one of the great Younger Novelists, were cut down in your prime, but then, one always finds consolation in one's Art..... love! What's that, she sneered.....hell, no,



chortled Oswald, marriage is the refuge of nitwits.....you bore me, Mortimer, exclaimed Eulalie, as she tapped a cigarette on her right calf.....she was babbling of virtue, the tall youth remarked nonchalantly as he dashed his absinthe into his Aunt Polly's face.....virtue! came Harriette's fresh young voice from her boudoir, is that a new drink?

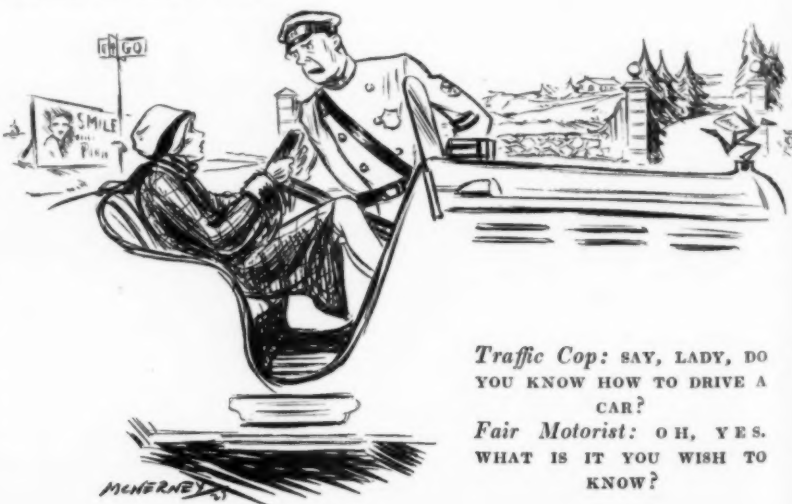
.....What dull louts one comes in contact with these days, Margheretta said with a vacant smile as the car sped over the prostrate mayor of Tarrytown.....Yes, Mr. Younger Novelist, these dots are monotonous, but you're the first guest we've had an opportunity to use them on, and our supply is inexhaustible.....

Gerald Cosgrove.

## Important

"WHY has your boss stopped going to the golf links?"

"He's afraid London might want him on the telephone."



Traffic Cop: SAY, LADY, DO YOU KNOW HOW TO DRIVE A CAR?

Fair Motorist: OH, YES. WHAT IS IT YOU WISH TO KNOW?



**I**T used to be the custom in American public schools, and perhaps still is, for little boys to pick out quotations from a selected list, and to recite the chosen quotations at the opening of the morning session. One of the favorites was "Lives of great men all remind us, we should make our lives sublime," and how the reciter did stress the word "our," to be sure. But Mr. Lytton Strachey began to change all that over ten years ago, and now comes Captain Peter Wright, and what he doesn't say about William Ewart Gladstone, Major Rupert Hughes does say about George Washington, or *vice versa*, with the result that Lives of Great Men in two volumes now remind us to wear false whiskers and pull our hats well down over our eyes or we shall suffer the penalty of Great Men and be exposed at five dollars a volume, postage twenty-four cents extra.

\* \* \*

**T**HERE is, of course, always the possibility that Captain Peter E. Wright is the victim of a curious mistake and that what he overheard Lord Milner saying was something about Casanova and not about Gladstone. However, he insists that at Bournemouth he once met a man called Cecil Gladstone who strongly resembled the late Prime Minister, although in all probability he is confusing Christian names and surnames so that the person he really met may perhaps have been William Ewart Chesterton, a stout young man with a collaterally inherited fondness for paradox, but who nevertheless wore high-standing collars and chopped down trees for recreation. It reminds one of the builder in A. Neil Lyons' "Love Us All" who converted plain glass windows into stained glass windows by the application of a sort of decalcomania. He had in stock two motives: "Moses in the Bulrushes" and "Nelson Kissing Hardy," but by a judicious combina-

tion of both, he was able to produce a third motive, namely: "Moses Kissing Hardy."

\* \* \*

**L**ONG-DISTANCE telephone calls in France are exceedingly cheap. Last summer, at the prevailing rate of exchange, one could hold a three-minutes' telephone conversation over a distance of six hundred miles for less than thirty-six cents, at least in theory. In practice, however, if a subscriber in Cannes wants to speak to a subscriber in Paris, and is determined to use the

telephone, the only thing for him to do is to take the train to Paris and ring up the Paris subscriber from a Paris pay-station. Even then, the connection will probably not be made in less than fifteen minutes, and it may take as long as an hour. The difference between the French long-distance telephone rate and the American rate is therefore to be explained by the story of the butcher who quoted corned beef at thirty cents a pound.

"Why, Schwartz across the street  
(Continued on page 34)



Paddy's Irish Rose Up



St. Patrick's Day in Minnesota

"SPREAD OUT A LITTLE, MIKE, AND MAKE THIS PARADE LOOK LIKE SOMETHING!"

## Mrs. Pep's Diary

**February 23rd** Awakened betimes from a horrible dream of having gone back to visit my academic haunts at Smith College and left my travelling bag in the Northampton train, the fear of doing which did often give me much needless misery, and never in my life was the sudden recognition of a nightmare for unreality more joyous, for in the case had been packed my favorite evening cloak and the new brocaded chiffon frock which is not even settled for yet, and if I should lose either of them, to say nought of the tortoise-shell box with the packs of cards for patience which my cozen did send me from Asprey's at Christmas time, I could do little better than cut my throat. To a great luncheon at Fifi Fitler's, Lucy Stillwell stopping by for me in a cab, and on the way the driver blundered once or twice in his direction, causing L. to announce with set lips her intention of giving him no tip, a feminine trait which does thoroughly annoy me, so, always eager

to save my sex from any masculine contempt soever, I did suggest that she would do better by rewarding him twice as liberally as he might expect (albeit I have grave doubts myself of the coals-of-fire proceeding as a policy of vengeance), so Lucy gave him a quarter with a look highly indicative of her regret that it was not hot molten metal. Three women at the party with recently bobbed  
(Continued on page 36)



"FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, GERTIE, STOP SHOWING YOUR IGNORANCE!"  
"MY GAWD! I KNEW I SHOULD OF WORN A PETTICOAT!"

## Intelligence Test

1. WHO said what when who asked him why he cut down what?
2. What is it that who would walk how far to get?
3. Why is who called "Hell and Maria" what?
4. Who shot what off whose head?
5. How long does what stay where if he sees his shadow when?
6. What happened after who marched how many times around what and blew what?
7. How many whats if laid end to end would reach from where to what place?
8. Where was who when what went out?
9. Who said who would fight it out in what way if it took how long?
10. Why do intelligent people waste time on so-called "Intelligence Tests"?

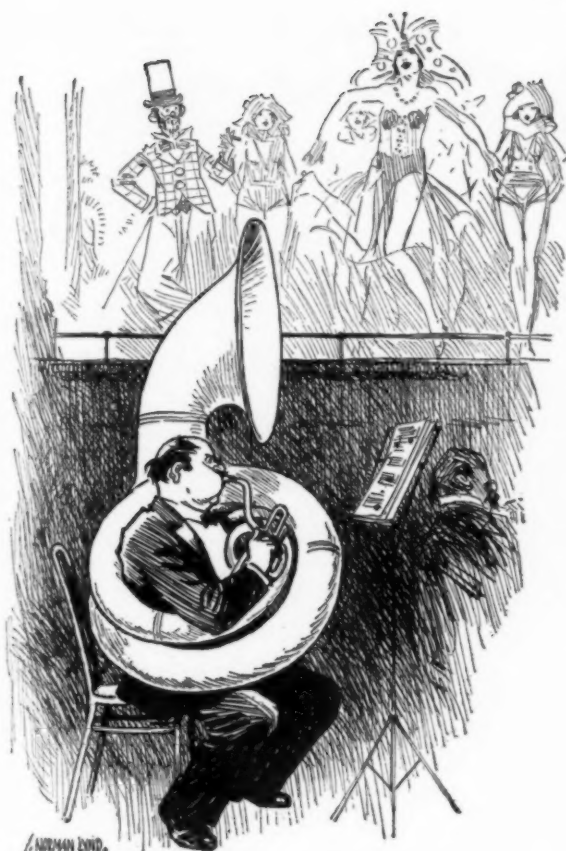
F. C. C.

## The New Neighbors

**LITTLE BETTY**  
(bursting in all excited with the news): Oh, Mamma!

MOTHER: What is it, dear?

BETTY: That new little boy's mamma is divorced, but they're going to adopt a new papa sometime next month.



ALL WRAPPED UP IN HIS WORK

### How to Sell Manuscripts

- INVITE editors to play golf with you.
- Enclose extra stamps to show generous spirit.
- Submit letters of introduction from well-known literary figures.
- Use extra-quality paper to write on.
- Place stamps on envelopes on a bias every seventh windy Thursday and mutter favorite mysterious incantations while so doing.
- Plead earnestly that you need money badly with every manuscript submitted.
- Explain all manuscripts thoroughly.
- Cite your excellent record on your high-school or college paper.
- Write something good.

Parke Cummings.

### Simple Enough

**THE GOSSIP:** Why, Reverend Haffingwell! How did you ever find out that the Smith twins eloped with the Brown boys?

**THE PARSON:** Well, my dear Mrs. Gadds, the young couples came to me and asked to be married—and I just put two and two together!

**WAYNE B. WHEELER** overlooks the most obvious argument in favor of the Volstead Act—that there must be something good in anything so many people oppose.

### Thoughts of a Girl Writing a Letter

**H**EAVENS what a nuisance it is to have to write letters to people there's never anything to say except I am well how are you thank you for something or other gosh I wish I was sure of how to spell some words that are sort of different

than the ones everybody

uses in letters but I can't

so what's the

use I just have

to keep on

writing the

same old line

everything is

nice or lovely

or heavenly or

vile or obnoxious

or poisonous

and you'd adore

to do this or you'd loathe

doing that and the

weather has been mar-

velous or the weather

has been foul and you've

met the sweetest people or

you've met the most objectionable

people and you wish

you were home again or you wish

you were never going

home again gosh I wish I was original

I wonder how you

spell superfluous I'd like to start in sort of highbrow

I'd like to say it would be superfluous to tell you of all the

charming times I am

having I wonder if

there are two m's in

charming no it doesn't

look right with two m's

but gosh what's the use

I know I could never

manage superfluous so

I'll just have to write

him the same old line

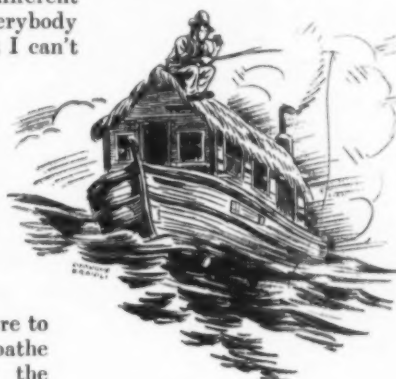
anyways I'll say in

haste so he'll think I

was too rushed to think

of anything to say....

Lloyd Mayer.



AN OLD SEA-SHANTY



**Irish Poet (stopping outside the wee houseen of one of the little folk):** HELLO, POOKIE, HOW'S TRICKS?  
**The Pookie:** HELLO YOURSELF. I'LL BEWITCH YEZ IN A MINUTE.



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VOL. 89. 2315

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*

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MR. LAZLO, the painter, has made a portrait of President Coolidge which, judging from the reproduction of it in the newspapers, gives Mr. Lazlo's idea of how Mr. Coolidge ought to look. He seems to have de-Yanked him, but Mr. Coolidge frankly disclosed as the Yankee that he is more interesting, especially when one remembers that enormous majority by which he was elected to the office which he now fills.

Congress having now adjourned, the feeling of the politicians is that the campaign for Mr. Coolidge's successor has begun. It is still quite possible that he may succeed himself, especially if he finds it expedient to let out a few tucks between now and this time next year. Here in the East he has been warmly applauded for vetoing the Farmers Relief Bill. The applause is based on the opinion that the bill was unsound, unconstitutional and would not relieve the farmers. It was a bill to increase production, whereas what farming needs is restraint of production. "What the farmer needs is combination and co-operation. Wherever co-operation has had intelligent people at its head it has worked, and the farmers have been self-sustaining. The farmer would not be satisfied with an arbitrary basic price if it was not dependent on supply and demand. The men who claim to represent the farmers are representing themselves." So one hears in the name of an authority lately much respected.

It does not look as though the farm bill was good enough to do Mr.

Coolidge any lasting damage, but rather that it was bad enough to make his veto of it do him appreciable good.

Who else have the Republicans? Governor Lowden and the Hon. Charles Dawes. Oh, yes, and Dr. Butler! But Dr. Butler himself could hardly be elected and probably does not want to be, but if he is as urgent as he seems for the retirement of Mr. Coolidge, he may have a candidate not yet disclosed.

Meanwhile Alfred Smith seems to be gaining strength among the Democrats. Nobody else's boom bulges much as yet, though a boomlet of Senator Reed of Missouri is tumescent enough to be talked about. Senator Reed is an earnest character, very like the little girl with the curl on her forehead. When he has chosen to be horrid he has done it unforgettably. However, so it was with Andrew Jackson, and at times Mr. Reed is very, very good.



THE world just now seems to be full of people looking for something or somebody to write a book about. The ordinary purpose to write a book has a pecuniary basis. Writers have to work at their trade. It is often the only one they have and the one by which they seek to earn wages when they need them.

Particularly attractive just now is the job of gutter-sniping the Great and Good. It is not a new job, but it was rediscovered by Lytton Strachey, who made a great success of it in his portraits of Arnold, Manning and others and of Queen Vic-

toria. He is the ablest gutter-sniper of the lot and his books have sold deservedly well.

Not all our current biographers have this motive of detraction. Don Seitz in his books about Pulitzer and Greeley has something quite different in mind. So has Philip Guedalla in his story of Palmerston. But a recent biography of Washington seems to have been designed, if one may judge by the reviews of it, to muddy our first President so that he will not present too great a contrast to the ordinary Americans. That can be done to almost any one, so curious is the mixture of carnal and celestial materials in the human make-up. You get truth about human characters in the Old Testament stories in the Bible and it makes very lively and interesting reading, but when the same thing is attempted in current biography the effect is disappointing. One reads of escapades of Samson or King David and says, Well; times are different now! And they are different certainly, but more in the particular of what is considered fit to print than in the facts of life.



SOMEBODY, stimulated by the noise made about the latest biography of Washington, has now undertaken to do General Grant. Everybody that knows anything about Grant knows that at one time in his life he was pretty drunken. It does not need to be set forth that he was a human being because he never seemed to be anything else. The remarkable thing about him is not that he was a faulty man but that he was so good; that he came back so strong after such serious lapses, and developed in great matters a character of such strength and purity. He was a good soldier; not a good President, though there have been worse, but on the whole a very good man with a child-like simplicity of nature that was very engaging indeed. He lived in the midst of great corruptions and at times they spattered him more or less, but in himself there wasn't any corruption and nobody need feel nervous for fear of disclosures to his damage.

The remarkable thing about the gutter-snipers is the free advertising they get. A prospect of a bad smell seems attractive nowadays.

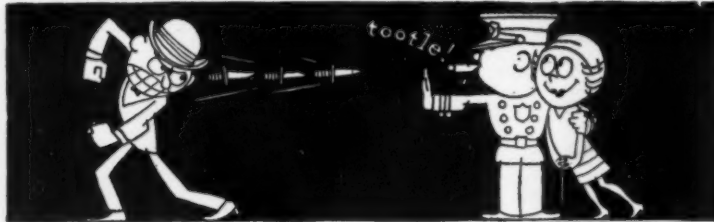
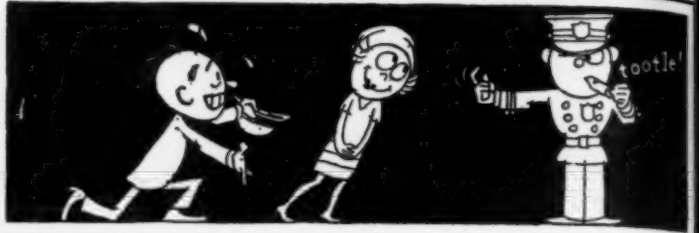
E. S. Martin.



A Perfect Day for a Disarmament Conference

## A Timely Lesson

IN LOVE OR WAR—FIGHT FAIR, MY SON!  
JUST TAKE THE CASE OF DENNIS DUNN:  
HE LOVED A NIFTY LITTLE JANE  
ENTITLED ROSIE MAY MCSHANE.  
BUT ROSIE MAY, HE CLEARLY SAW,  
PREFERRED ONE MICHAEL JAMES MCGRAW;  
A HANDSOME GOD OF GO-AND-STOP—  
IN OTHER WORDS, A TRAFFIC COP.



NOW, DENNIS DUNN RESOLVED AND SWORE  
HE'D GET THAT GEL! AND—WHAT IS MORE—  
HE VOWED, BY ALL THE WELL-KNOWN NAMES,  
HE'D THROW THE HOOKS IN MICHAEL JAMES.  
NO SOONER SAID THAN DONE! FOR DEN  
WAS ONE OF THOSE STRONG, SILENT MEN  
AND, WHEN A THING GOT IN HIS HEAD,  
WOULD RATHER HAVE IT DONE THAN SAID.

## Great Folks at Home

*The Campbell-Zupps*

**MR. CAMPBELL-ZUPP:** Well, darling, which one do we have for dinner tonight?

**MRS. CAMPBELL - ZUPP:** Number 43, angel—Vegetable! Specially brewed by expert chefs gathered from the four corners of the earth and containing the fruits and juices of twenty-four life-giving forms of plant life to which we just add—

**MR. C.-Z. (a trifle wearily):** I know—hot water and serve.

**MRS. C.-Z. (archly):** If allowed to simmer a few minutes the flavor will be improved. (*With vast enthusiasm.*) Ruddy-checked tomatoes, bringing with them the very elixir of life itself! Corn

from the vast rolling plains of our glorious Middle West, so well termed the backbone of the Nation! Verdant peas and beans from—

**MR. C.-Z. (prompting):** The rock-bound hills...

**MRS. C.-Z.:** Oh, of course—the rock-bound hills of staunch old New England, whence—whence—

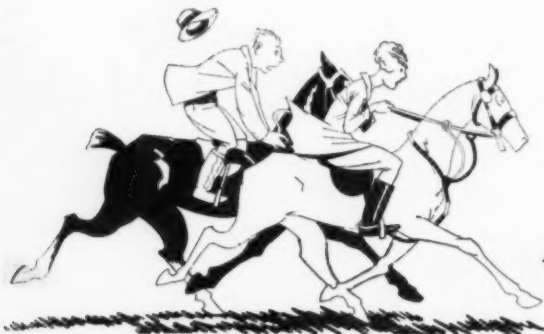
**MR. C.-Z.:** Whence sprang that sturdy stock upon which the very life of America and the hope of the world are based.

**MRS. C.-Z.:** You took the very words out of my mouth, lamb! And other vegetables too numerous to mention. Perfected in our magnificently equipped culinary laboratories after years of patient study and experimentation, but placed at your elbow, steaming and appetizing, almost instantaneously. Just a jiffy, precious.

(Exit Mrs. Campbell-Zupp. From the kitchen come sounds of rending tin, running water and the scratching of matches. Mr. Campbell - Zupp buries his face in his arms, moans, then raises his hands toward heaven.)

**MR. C.-Z. (desperately):** Oh, God! Oh, God, for a sandwich!

*Tip Bliss.*



"DO YOU DO MUCH RIDING?"  
"OH, OFF AND ON."



WHEN DENNIS LEFT THAT DRUGGIST'S STORE  
A DROPPER AND A PHIAL HE BORE  
CONTAINING DROPS WHICH (GUS HAD SAID)  
MADE RED LOOK GREEN AND GREEN LOOK RED!  
TO MICHAEL'S ROOM THE VILLAIN CREEPT  
AND, WHILE HIS HATED RIVAL SLEPT,  
HE FILLED WITH FLUID, DROP BY DROP,  
THE OPTICS OF THE SLEEPING COP.

## Some Suggestions Concerning the Alibi Contest

**I**N order to preserve the strictly amateur standing of participants in this great indoor sport, certain restrictions should be adopted at once. For instance, no Alibis should be considered from the following classes:

1. Criminal lawyers; because they make their living by them.
2. Married men; because they preserve their lives (such as they are) by them.
3. All women; because Alibis are natural to them. It is as absurd to give a woman an Alibi prize as it would be for Mr. Wrigley to give his \$25,000 to a fish for swimming Catalina Channel. *H. A. M.*

**T**HE tabloid reporter requires an exceptionally sensitive nose for news.

## The Man Who Writes the French Composition Books Becomes a Dramatic Critic

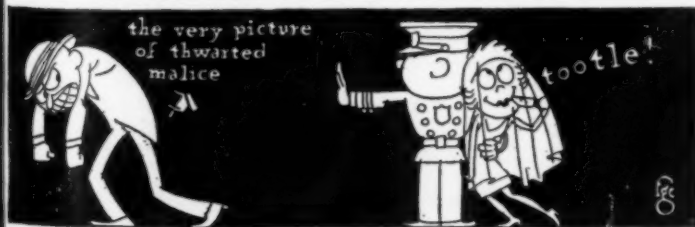
(1.) THE play which I visited last night was not good. (2.) The book which I have read was better than the play which I have seen. (3.) Although the tall man who had killed his uncle was handsome he was not an actor. (4.) The large blonde lady was as good an actress as the wife of my gardener. (5.) The acting of the pretty female cousin was adequate. (6.) She was both small and agile. (7.) The stout gentleman who was sitting behind me was coughing loudly. (8.) If he had died I should not have been sorry. (9.) I have left in the theatre my greatcoat and umbrella. (10.) Have you pens, ink, and paper? (11.) Write in French concerning a play which you have seen.

W. W. Scott.

ACCORDINGLY, HE SALLIED OUT TO SEE HIS PAL, GUS SCHIMMELKRAUT, WHO WAS, IT WILL BE UNDERSTOOD, A DRUGGIST IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD. "INCREDIBLE AS IT MAY BE, I WISH TO BUY SOME DRUGS," SAID HE; AND, WHEN THE DRUGGIST HAD REVIVED, THEY GOT TOGETHER AND CONNIVED.



THE BEEPING JAM AT MICHAEL'S POST WENT DOWN IN HISTORY—ALMOST! NO COP THAT TANGLES RED AND GREEN CAN KEEP THE TRAFFIC SWEET AND CLEAN. BEFORE THEY TORE HIM LIMB FROM LIMB A CAPTAIN CAME AND RESCUED HIM AND PUT HIM ON THE MORALS SQUAD WHERE BLINDNESS IS A GIFT OF GOD!



## Life Lines

JUST to learn what happens when an irresistible force meets an immovable object, we should like to see an inquiring reporter tackle an information department.

⌄

Of 106 murders reported in Berlin in twenty months, 103 were completely solved by the police. Such a condition would never be tolerated here, as it would be taking the bread out of the mouths of starving tabloid reporters.

⌄

In the old days, when a man praised the laws of his nation we called him a patriot. Nowadays we call him a boot-legger.

⌄

The ever-receding saturation point in the automobile industry has been put off a few more years by dealers' setting a quota of two or three cars for every family. Here's hoping this won't establish a precedent for the saxophone manufacturers.

### Brute!

YOUNG WIFE: Hubby, dear, Mother writes that she is coming to see us soon.

YOUNG HUSBAND: Ah, another mouth to heed.

## Gosh, What a Difference Just Ten Years Make!

TEN years ago when you went into a barber shop you were assured of getting the real low-down on why:

Wilson would be elected again.  
The Giants would win the pennant.  
The country never would go dry.  
Willard would remain champion until he retired.  
Bill didn't hook that big one.  
Joe was blackballed.  
Charley's stenographer quit the week before.

But when you stagger in now for a shave you get the real low-down on why:

Ensemble suits never will be popular again.  
It's all right to go to teas every day, if you care for that sort of thing, my dear.  
You simply can't get large head-sizes any more.  
Her husband is so anxious to work evenings at the office.  
They ought to fire that girl at the cigar stand.  
She can wear them above her knees, but everybody'll still know she's fifty, if she's a day.  
If she was my daughter I'd turn her over my knee and spank her.

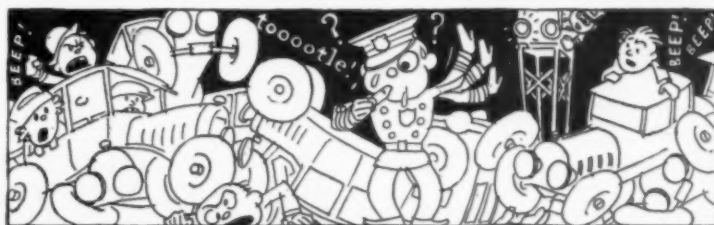
Chet Johnson.

### His Odd Predicament

BINKS: I've got something I want to tell one of those twins but I can't tell them apart.

JINKS: Well, why don't you tell them together, then?

BINKS: But I don't want to marry them both!



HIS JUICY PICKINGS ON THE SIDE ENABLED MIKE TO TAKE A BRIDE; SO ROSIE NAMED THE HAPPY DATE, WHILE DIRTY DENNIS GOT THE GATE! AND SO—AS I'VE OBSERVED ABOVE—FIGHT FAIR, MY SON, IN WAR OR LOVE.

Arthur M. Sherwood, Jr.

# Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

## More or Less Serious

**An American Tragedy.** Longacre—Just a good clumsy dramatization of a good clumsy novel.

**The Barker.** Biltmore—What people think about—and do—back-stage at a circus, and very interesting it is, too. Walter Huston plays the Barker.

**The Brothers Karamazov.** Guild—Considerable Russian trouble, effectively portrayed by a cast including Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt and Clare Eames.

**Caponsacchi.** Hampden's—Well, a lot of people seem to like to see Walter Hampden do this sort of thing in costume; so it must be all right.

**Civic Repertory.** (14th St.)—Much to Eva Le Gallienne's surprise, this is turning into a popular success, chiefly owing to the beauty of "Cradle Song."

**The Constant Nymph.** Cort—You may cry quite a bit at this, but it's nice crying.

**Crime.** Ellinger—James Rennie as the noble crook in a crime melodrama which has several good points.

**Fog.** National—One excellent scenic effect and a modicum of mystery.

**Granite.** Mayfair—A production from the American Laboratory Theatre which was good enough to move west.

**Laboratory Theatre.** (East 58th St.)—The best of the experimental theatres.

**The Ladder.** Waldorf—Showing how many rôles an actor can play in one show without fainting. Reincarnation is the idea, if you must know.

**Lulu Belle.** Belasco—This has been running for so long now that the police probably think it has done all the harm it can do.

**The Mystery Ship.** Garrick—To be reviewed later.

**The Noose.** Hudson—One of those plays about the Governor's overworked pardon power.

**Pinwheel.** Neighborhood—Another expressionistic conception of the turmoil of modern life, much like the rest. It has its good points, but so have the rest had.

**The Scarlet Lily.** Comedy—The big question here is, "Should one false step condemn a girl for life?" We need more time to think about this one.

**Set a Thief.** Empire—A melodrama with several distinctive features, including a show of intelligence.

**Sex.** Daly's—Whether this one has been closed by now or not, you don't have to see it.

**The Silver Cord.** John Golden—An exceedingly interesting speculation on which brand of apron-strings a man should tie himself to.

**The Squall.** Forty-Eighth St.—Proving that the place for gypsy girls is in an asbestos box. Hardly worth worrying about, however.

**Thou Desperate Pilot.** Morosco—To be reviewed later.

## Comedy and Things Like That

**Abie's Irish Rose.** Republic—The movie rights to this have just been sold. You don't suppose that means—!

**Broadway.** Broadhurst—The lowdown on night-club life, made into a fascinating expert melodrama.

**Chicago.** Music Box—The fun of being a murderess in Cook County, told with great gusto and sanitary satire.

**The Constant Wife.** Maxine Elliott's—Ethel Barrymore in a comedy which at last gives her a chance, with a very pleasant evening as the result.

**The Devil in the Cheese.** Charles Hopkins—A fantastic peep into the mind of a young girl, which, oddly enough, seems quite proper.

**Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.** Times Square—Last week of this epic of gold-digging, with June Walker, Edna Hibbard and Geoffrey Kerr making ready for the entertainment of London.

**The Heaven Tappers.** Forrest—To be reviewed later.

**Lally.** Greenwich Village—A musical genius at home, such as it is.

**Loud Speaker.** Fifty-Second St.—To be reviewed next week.

**Money from Home.** Fulton—With Frank Craven. To be reviewed next week.

**Night Hawk.** Frolic—The effect of a gland on love-life. Carroll McComas as the lucky girl.

**The Play's the Thing.** Henry Miller's—Very pleasant conversation, with now and then a highly amusing scene and a dash of dirt. Holbrook Blinn heads the cast.

**The Road to Rome.** Playhouse—Jane Cowl as the Roman matron (not Caesar's wife) who defended the Eternal City from Hannibal (Philip Merivale) with practically no sacrifice at all.

**Saturday's Children.** Booth—A very nice comedy dealing in fairly important truths quietly and

delicately put. Ruth Gordon is the young wife who works them out.

**Sinner.** Klaw—The popular pastime of infidelity set forth in a comedy which leaves little to be explained. Allan Dinehart and Claiborne Foster help it out by being obviously nice people.

**Tommy.** Gaiety—Harmless and at times amusing comedy of juvenile courtship.

**Trelawny of the "Wells".** New Amsterdam—John Drew and a galaxy of stars in a touching revival of Pinero.

**Two Girls Wanted.** Little—Good enough.

**We All Do.** Bijou—To be reviewed next week.

**What Anne Brought Home.** Wallack's—Not a sex play.

**The Wooden Kimono.** Martin Beck—Mystery with a slapstick.

## Eye and Ear Entertainment

**Bye, Bye, Bonnie.** Ritz—Snappy musical show.

**Countess Maritza.** Forty-Fourth St.—A real score from Vienna.

**Criss-Cross.** Globe—The Fred Stone show.

**The Desert Song.** Casino—Way above the average, with Vivienne Segal and Eddie Buzzell.

**Gay Paree.** Winter Garden—Chic Sale in the midst of the usual Winter Garden mixture.

**Honeymoon Lane.** Knickerbocker—Eddie Dowling working up a nice little gold mine for himself.

**I Told You So.** Forty-Sixth St.—It has Sam Bernard anyway.

**Judy.** Royale—Queenie Smith, and that's about all.

**The Nightingale.** Jolson—Eleanor Painter singing in a slightly tepid show.

**Oh, Kay!** Imperial—Gertrude Lawrence with Victor Moore and Oscar Shaw in smart entertainment.

**Peggy-Ann.** Vanderbilt—Our personal favorite among the musical shows, owing chiefly to its tuneful score and kidding. Helen Ford heads the cast.

**The Pirates of Penzance.** Plymouth—Gilbert and Sullivan done with loving care and great success. On Thursday nights, "Iolanthe."

**Queen High.** Ambassador—Several nice tunes, Luella Gear, Frank McIntyre and Charles Ruggles, carrying this oldest of the current musicals through the season.

**The Ramblers.** Lyric—Clark and McCullough at play, and a very merry sight, too.

**Rio Rita.** Ziegfeld—Chiefly visual but pleasantly so.

**Scandals.** Apollo—Mr. George White apparently alone in his field.

**Twinkle, Twinkle.** Liberty—Joe Brown has several funny moments.

**Vanities.** Earl Carroll—Still another new edition, but as Moran and Mack and Julius Tannen are still in it, we don't need to know any more.

**Yours Truly.** Shubert—Leon Errol in a good-looking show with memorable singing from Mildred Harris.



The Blarney Stone



### Skip This

IN "Right You Are If You Think You Are" Mr. Pirandello is up to his old tricks again, trying to catch his fingers and see just whether Reality is Reality or What the Hell. Now you may be irritated at this constant sniffing at Truth, and you may detect now and then a phony, greasepaint touch in the Pirandello metaphysics, but you are quite likely to be interested enough to stick it out and see how he clambers to shore out of this mire of speculation into which he has flung himself. So you have a right to be very cross at him when he cheats and doesn't climb out at all.

After three acts of feverish dialectics trying to decide which of two people is insane, he brings on, at the final curtain, the only person who has the key to the mystery. She is dressed in a going-away film of gray and, from behind her veil, utters the cryptic but quite stupid remark that it all depends on what you think. Then into her dance and off.

THIS may all sound very impressive and transcendental, but it really is pretty thin, and Mr. Pirandello should be made to stay after school until he has answered the question. After all, there is a point of fact at issue. Either the lady was the daughter of *Signora Frola*, or she wasn't, and "what you think" has nothing to do with it. Granted any amount of doubt as to who was insane, no metaphysical system in the world would make her *Signora Frola's* daughter if she wasn't. In the absence of any real bulwarks, incontrovertible facts are as good as any.



BUT, in spite of cheating and the imitation metaphysics, "Right You Are If You Think You Are" makes an absorbing entertainment, especially when Beryl Mercer and Edward G. Robinson are on the stage, and utilizing the premise, you can make up your own ending regardless of Pirandello. Our ending would be that, on visiting the retreat to bring the mysterious woman to light, Nobody At All was found. This would drive everybody good and crazy.



JUST another fairly dull paragraph on the Abstract in the theatre.

Most of our modernists seem to ignore the fact that,

in the question of flesh and bone and Hepner's wigs, Matter is pretty fairly inelastic. They devise a play full of symbols, with cock-eyed scenery and off-stage sounds to represent the influence of Jazz on our modern Civilization. They have their characters talk in unison to simulate *Masse Mensch* and paint their mouths on their cheeks to show that they have warped souls. Everything is all very Indicative and Dynamic.

But they seem to forget that a dozen or so members of the Actors' Equity Association must play the parts, and that, pictorially, they are not going to fit in with the scheme, having been articulated by Nature in the customary manner with two arms, two legs and the regulation equipment of organs. Thus, regardless of what the scenery looks like or the 'script sounds like, the actors are going to look and talk like ordinary men and women. It is too bad that we Thinkers must be cabined and confined by these arbitrary specifications in the Theatre, but it is so.

In a way, Pirandello has mixed his ingredients in the same manner. He has presented a pseudo-metaphysical question which is a fine one just so long as he can keep it in the realm of pseudo-metaphysics. But, in order to bring his curtain down, he has to answer just one question, "yes" or "no." And he flunks pretty badly.



WE must admit that Pirandello has put into the mouth of one of his minor characters in one sentence the entire argument that we have taken so much of this precious page to state.

The butler announces two ladies to see *Signor Laudisi*. (*Signor Laudisi* is the brother-in-law of the *Commendatore*.) Speaking obviously for Pirandello, *Signor Laudisi*, who is by way of being something of a pest with his searching for Truth, asks the butler which *Signor Laudisi* the ladies want to see—the one that the butler sees standing before him, the *Laudisi* the ladies think they know, or the *Laudisi* whose image appears in the mirror.

To which the butler, speaking for the editor of this page, says:

"I don't know anything about all that, sir. All I know is that they want to see *Signor Laudisi*, the brother-in-law of the *Commendatore*."

Which so completely floors the metaphysician that all he can say is:

"Show them in."

So you see, it is all very confusing and irritating and highly interesting. And it makes you think that you are thinking.

Robert Benchley.

## A Bit of an Anecdote

SO 'twas Samson himself, him that caused the temple at Gaza to fall upon the Philistines, that was wandering about the strange land of the Beyond and maybe flinging an idle curse or two at the memory of her that had shorn him of his locks.

All to once did he see coming towards him a broth of a man with little red whiskers around his chin and the two arms of him like two great oaks and the legs of him like two more oaks, still greater.

"I know you, I do, Samson," said the big whiskery man. "Will yez wrassle with me?"

"Have yez a reputation?" asked Samson, for the sin of pride was still in him. "'Tis not for the likes of me to fight a man with no reputation. Do yez know what I did to the Philistines with the jawbone of an ass?"

"The jawbone of an ass has done worse than that be itself, Samson," said the whiskery man. "Will yez wrassle with me or will yez feel the weight of me fist on the end of yer nose?"

"I'll wrassle," said Samson. "But tell me who ye are and what ye've done."

"Ye don't know me?" said the whiskery man.

"I do not," said Samson.

"Och," said the whiskery man, "I'm the Harp that once threw Tara's Halls..."

Whurroo, me darlings, and the fight was on!

H. W. H.

**DOUBTLESS** when a radio broadcaster feels old age creeping on he gets his voice lifted.



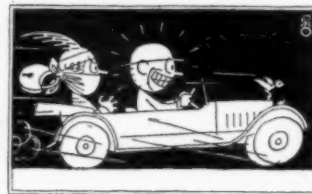
THE KILKENNY CATS

## Another of Those Fairy Stories

"The Supreme Court of Georgia has ruled that a wife has no right to control her husband's movements when he is driving the family car."—*News item.*

**MR. JOHN SMITH** and Mrs. Smith are out riding in their car—in Georgia. Mr. Smith is driving; Mrs. Smith is seated on the back seat.

**MRS. SMITH:** Don't drive so fast, John.



**MR. SMITH:** I'll drive as fast as I darn please. The Supreme Court of this State has ruled that I'm the boss of this flivver when at its wheel.

**MRS. SMITH:** Look out, look out, John! You came within an inch of side-swiping that other car we just passed!

**MR. SMITH:** Well, suppose I did, what of it? The Supreme Court says I don't have to pay any attention to you about how I shall drive.

**MRS. SMITH:** I heard you say something about the Supreme Court the first time, but I thought you were only fooling, John. Did it actually say you didn't have to listen to me when you are driving.

**MR. SMITH:** It certainly did, Mary.

**MRS. SMITH:** Well, I'm awfully sorry that I disobeyed the law, John, and I'll never try to control your movements in future while you're driving the car. Just go along whatever way you wish; I know the Supreme Court is always right.

Fred B. Mann.

## A Fatal Blunder

**CORONER:** You saw the deceased struck by a southbound street car?

**WITNESS:** I did.

**CORONER:** Was he badly hurt?

**WITNESS:** Very badly.

**CORONER:** Did he receive any medical attention?

**WITNESS:** No; he was carried by mistake into a drug store.

**Grace:** AND YOU SAY HE DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO KISS?

**Beryl:** I SAID HE DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO KISS.

## Two Confessional Magazine Readers Look Over a Copy

"OH, my dear, look! It says here, I WAS A SCARLET WOMAN."

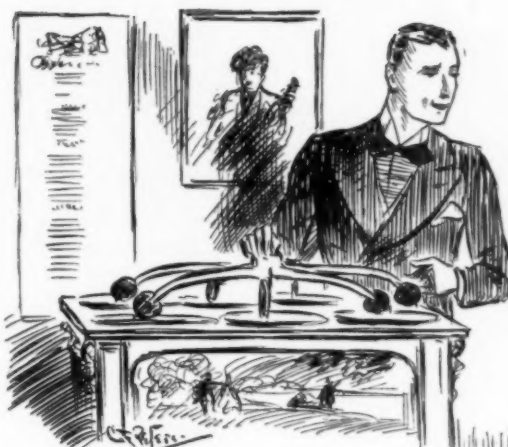
"And here it says, I TRUSTED HIM BUT READ WHAT HAPPENED."

"I certainly shall. And look at these: HE TOLD ME HE WAS SINGLE, MOTHER OR LOVER WHICH COULD I BELIEVE? IN THE CLUTCHES OF THE KIDNAPERS, THE PRICE I PAID, and WHAT WIVES WILL TELL."

"Yes, and ALMOST MARRIED, A WIFE IN ALL BUT NAME, I MARRIED FOR MONEY, MY UNWILLING BRIDEGROOM, DID MY HUSBAND BELONG TO ANOTHER? MIDNIGHT KISSES, WAS I TO BLAME? and CAN SELFISH LOVE BRING HAPPINESS?"

"And my dear, ONE MARRIAGE NIGHT, A GIRL'S EVENING OF HORROR, I HATED MY HUSBAND, and MY MAD ROMANCE IN MIAMI."

"And look, LOVE'S SLAVERY, I HATE MY BEAUTIFUL LEGS, I HAVE LIVED A LIE, MY ESCAPE FROM THE DRUG RING, FORBIDDEN THRILLS,



### Wonderful

*She:* BUT PHONOGRAPHS ARE GETTING TO BE SO OLD-FASHIONED.

*Salesman:* WE'VE MADE THIS MODEL AS MUCH LIKE A RADIO SET AS POSSIBLE, MADAM. IT HAS A DEVICE THAT ENABLES YOU TO PLAY ALL THE RECORDS AT ONCE.

A WOMAN THEY CALLED BAD, MY LIFE WITH TWELVE MEN, and CAN A WOMAN COME BACK? Isn't it all exciting?"

"And so moral, too. Look, it says, EVERY STORY ENDORSED BY COMMITTEE OF THINKING CLERGYMEN. I must take it home to the children. They'll love it. Good-by."

W. W. Scott.

### Sacrifice

"WHAT are you giving up for Lent?"

"I think I shall give up listening to the sermons over the radio."



Red Mike: THAT'LL TACHE YEZ NOT TO CARRY YELLOWBACKS AND GREENBACKS TOGETHER ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY!

### Speaking of Character

*SHE:* What do you think of Greta Garbo?

*HE:* Not much—she's sort of weak-looking.

*SHE:* But she's fascinating, don't you think?

*HE:* Oh, yes—but no character.

*SHE:* What do you mean, character?

*HE:* Well, I don't think there's much in her face.

*SHE:* But what a figure!

*HE:* She has good legs, all right.

*SHE:* You might know you'd look at her legs—no wonder you don't think there's much in her face.

*HE:* Well, she has got pretty legs.

*SHE:* I wish I had legs like Greta Garbo.

*HE:* Why, I think yours are just as pretty as hers.

*SHE:* Don't be ridiculous, but it's awfully sweet of you to say so.

Lloyd Mayer.

### Our Own Dictionary

CREATIVE WORK: Filling out an expense account.

# THE SILENT DRAMA



## "Stark Love"

A MOVIE critic is apt to become alarmingly introspective after having seen a picture like "Stark Love"—and if he sees a picture like "Stark Love" once in ten years, he's lucky; he reasons to himself, and justifiably, "Here I must sit and think up some way to express my respect and admiration for this fine, honorable achievement—and I know that whatever words I select will be inadequate. Then, after the publication of my review, I shall spend most of my time reading letters from indignant readers who will say, 'On your recommendation, I took my wife and unmarried daughter to see "Stark Love," and if this is your idea, etc., etc.'"

THE fact of the matter is this: "Stark Love" is the closest approach to genuinely high tragedy that the motion picture has ever made, certainly in America. It is a simple, crude and utterly unadorned

story of the South Carolina mountains, acted not by actors who wear grease-paint and mascara but by real mountaineers—real, living, primitive people.

"Stark Love" was made by a camera man, Karl Brown, who wrote the story, prevailed upon the reluctant natives to act it for him and directed them himself. Thus, it is a legitimate moving picture—and, as such, a masterpiece.

It is said that none of the players in "Stark Love" knew what they were doing under Mr. Brown's direction, or what the story was all about; in that respect, they conformed perfectly to the traditions of the Hollywood hams. In all other respects, "Stark Love" is as notably different from the usual run as were "Nanook of the North" and "Grass." In my opinion, it is considerably better than either of these great pictures.

I CAN'T conscientiously recommend "Stark Love" to those

lumpy, caramel-chewing ladies who constitute the Great American Movie Audience, and whose idea of red-hot entertainment is the spectacle of John Gilbert and Greta Garbo caught in *flagrante delicto*. For one thing, they wouldn't believe it (they believe every word of "Flesh and the Devil"); for another thing, it would shock, offend and ultimately bore them with its unassailable realism.

Nevertheless, no one can stop me, at this moment, from saying that I consider "Stark Love" to be a remarkably honest and sincere work of art, and that Karl Brown has accomplished something of which the movies may well be proud.

## Possibly New

IT is John Held's quaint conception that Cecil B. De Mille, producer of "The King of Kings," should be the subject of a new book to be called, "The Man Nobody No's."

R. E. Sherwood.

## Recent Developments

**Love's Greatest Mistake.** A lurid, loud melodrama converted by Edward Sutherland into a quiet, pleasant and nicely sentimental picture.

**When a Man Loves.** John Barrymore and Dolores Costello, in Seventeenth Century costumes, are sights for sore eyes.

**It.** An inconsequential comedy, with Clara Bow in the title rôle.

**The Kid Brother.** Harold Lloyd has some fine gags, but they're too far apart.

**The Night of Love.** Romance with a capital R, and with considerable hokey thrown in.

**Paradise for Two.** Richard Dix in a farce that is nice, but nothing else.

**The General.** The amazing adventures of a railway locomotive in the Civil War, with Buster Keaton at the throttle. The ending is regrettable.

**The Perfect Sap.** An amusing if not uproarious comedy-drama, in which Ben Lyon turns the tables on his tormentors.

**The Music Master.** Alec Francis and Lois Moran do extremely well in a pale carbon copy of a famous play.

**Valencia.** All kidding aside,

haven't we had about enough of this?

**Blonde or Brunette.** Adolphe Menjou as an engaging Frenchman who can't

quite make up his mind—and when you see the two alternatives, you'll be disinclined to blame him.

**Hotel Imperial.** Pola Negri in a drama of the Eastern front which should have been good, but isn't.

**Nobody's Widow.** Post-marital misunderstandings between the ebullient Leatrice Joy and the subdued Charles Ray.

**The Potters.** The droll and homely Will Fields as another oppressed American husband.

**Twinkletoes.** One of Colleen Moore's more creditable efforts.

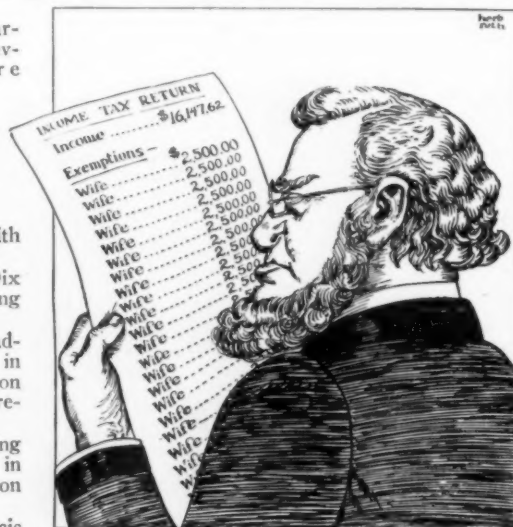
**Tell It to the Marines.** Lou Chaney as the Eternal Top Sergeant, and great work, too.

**The Better 'Ole.** Lively doings in Northern France, with Syd Chaplin at his most boisterous.

**Ben-Hur.** Ramón Novarro completely surrounded by Marcus Loew's bankroll.

**Flesh and the Devil.** Swedish exercises, numbers one to twenty-four inclusive—demonstrated by John Gilbert and Greta Garbo.

**Old Ironsides, What Price Glory, The Fire Brigade, Beau Geste, The Scarlet Letter and The Big Parade.** These are not to be missed.



Brigham Young

FIGURING OUT HIS INCOME TAX, FINDS THAT THE GOVERNMENT OWES HIM A FORTUNE.



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# LaSalle

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*The LaSalle is manufactured completely by the Cadillac Motor Car Company within its own plant.*

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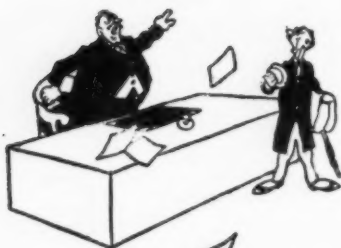
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# Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"



"GET OUT!"

"I WILL NOT!"

"GET OUT, I TELL YOU!"

"I WILL NOT! AND AS I AM NOT IN THE HABIT OF TAKING ORDERS, I WILL LEAVE YOU!"

—*L'Intransigeant (Paris)*.

**Life's Minor Annoyances**  
Of all the pests the world affords  
I hold the greatest blight  
The Congressman, too strong for peace,  
Who stops a cloakroom fight.

—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

## Uncle Tom's Bungalow

REVISED version: "Eliza crossed the river last evening. She used an eight-beat crawl stroke and was paced by a rowboat in which a small boy encouraged her from time to time by singing Mammy songs."—*Detroit News*.

SAID the College Youth: "I haven't heard a cent from Father in more than a month."—*Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern*.

SIGN on the bumper of a motor truck in Jacksonville, Fla.: "YES, IT HAD TO BE YOU!"—*New York Sun*.



Panic in the Theatre!

THE EGYPTIAN FAKIR IS STUNG BY A WASP.  
—*Fliegende Blätter (Munich)*.

## The Lost Ball

SCENE: Near Aberdeen

Boy (on links): Are ye lookin' for a ba', meester?

GOLFER: Aye, ha' ye found ain?

"Aye, I hae that."

"What make of ba' is it?"

"Ah! Ye say fir-r-st!"

—*London Opinion*.

## Marvelous!

FROM the *Cleveland Press*: "Thieves are believed to be responsible for the theft."—*Country Gentleman*.

CHICAGO MOTHER: And now, my dear, go in and shoot Father good night.

—*Virginia Reel*.



"TELL ME, BAMBOULA, HOW LONG DOES AN ALLIGATOR LIVE BEFORE HE DIES OF OLD AGE?"

—*Le Monde Colonial (Paris)*.

## Try That on Your Piano

CLERK (in music store): How long d'ja work at the last place?

GIRL PIANIST: From "All Alone" to "Valencia."—*Collier's*.

## A Midnight Visitor



CLARENCE BUDDINGTON KELLAND, who left a Detroit newspaper to become a successful novelist, tells this story on one of his friends down on Long Island near Southampton:

"Late one night, this fellow rang the doorbell of a neighbor's house, and the neighbor, donning bathrobe and slippers, went downstairs and admitted him. It was evident to the unaided nose that the caller had been lifting a few.

"Hello," said the householder. "What keeps you out so late?" No answer. "Have a drink?" No answer. "Have a smoke?" No answer.

"The belated guest then sat down and stared at his host for an hour, without saying a word. Despairing of ever finding out what the reason for the visit might be, the host finally went to sleep in an armchair. He awoke as dawn was breaking, to find his guest still sitting and staring at him.

"Finally, the guest broke his long silence. 'Say,' he said, 'why the hell don't you go home and let a gentleman go to bed?'"

—*D. A. C. News*.

## Me Too!

THE English class was studying exposition. The teacher assigned to Johnny the task of directing a stranger from the railroad station to the City Hall. When Johnny's paper was handed in the teacher found the following:

"Sorry, partner, but I'm a stranger round these parts, too."

—*Indianapolis News*.

## School Days

FROM a letter from a young girl student: "I am sure having some busy time. I am going to Sunday School, dancing school, writing school and school."

—*Howard Courant*.

## The Cure

"WHY, Mac, you've lost your stutter!"

"Ay. A've been doin' a lot o' telephone' tae America lately."

—*Punch*.

"BE CAREFUL! A MISSTEP MEANS INSTANT DEATH!"  
"JUST LIKE ANY STREET IN PARIS."  
—*Le Petit-Matin*.



### Waiting

COME, golfer, with your flask of three-in-one,

Your string, your tape, your varnish for the club,

Be ready when the waiting time is done  
And you'll again annihilate the dub

Beneath the splendor of a summer sun.  
And yet, remember, brother—here's the rub:

Long, long you'll wait—the day is not yet here

To start your conquest of the silver mug.

Three months you'll wait through bitter days and drear,

And feel the restless gnawing of the "bug,"

The while you "drive" beneath the chandelier,

And sink brave putts upon the parlor rug.

—Elmer C. Adams, in *Detroit News*.

### Mrs. Abe Martin

By far the best dedication we have seen lately is Kin Hubbard's to his new Abe Martin book: "To My Wife, Who Doesn't Care What I Write Just So I Keep on Writing."—*Chicago News*.



*Very Lordly and Large Liftman (to small messenger boy):* YER KNOW WE DON'T USUALLY MAKE JOURNEYS UP AND DOWN FOR THE LIKES OF YOU.

*Small Messenger (brightly):* ALL RIGHT, MATE, 'OLD YER 'AIR ON. I WAS A LIFTBOY MESELF ONCE.

—Eve (London).

### After Fifteen Years

It probably isn't true, but it concerns a French-Canuck who chopped down trees in the Canadian woods for fifteen years at a salary of \$100 per annum. He never had a holiday. After fifteen years of laying pines low he decided to come to New York and enjoy himself.

The first day in Gotham he accidentally happened into a crap game. His fingers itched to toss those cubes. "I'll chance a five- or ten-spot," he thought to himself. "What's ten bucks?"

Within the hour, however, they took him for the entire \$1,500. The gamblers offered their sympathy, but the woodsman merely brushed his trousers, put on his hat and coat, tightened his gloves and chirped:

"What the hell, it's another fifteen years in the woods for me. Easy come—easy go."—*Variety*.

Cellarette, sideboard or ocean steamer kit is incomplete without Abbott's Bitters. Aids digestion. Sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

### The Changing Chinese

EVOLUTION—What can we get out of China? When shall we get out of China? How can we get out of China?

—Columbia (S. C.) *State*.

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Louis Sherry  
Confiseur

New York

Paris



DEMOYER

New **NORTHEASTERS**

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Authorized Service Stations throughout the World



## When Nancy Greenall Was Very Young

LONDON, Feb. 22.—Queen Mary visited the children's ward at London Hospital to-day. The appearance of the Queen in ordinary civilian garb disappointed three-year-old Nancy Greenall, who asked her about her golden crown. The Queen laughed and said: "I have left it at home." "At the Palace?" asked Nancy. "Yes," answered the Queen, "but I have another sort of crown. Don't you like my hat with these pretty blue flowers on it? Don't you think it is much nicer than a golden crown?" Nancy replied "Yes," quite politely, but there was doubt in her voice.—Cable to the Times.

THE QUEEN  
Came to see  
All the children  
At the Hospital;  
She wore a  
Simple bonnet  
And a  
Very plain gown.  
And little  
Nancy Greenall,  
Who gazed at  
Her Majesty,  
Said, "Where's  
Your robe of ermine  
And your golden crown?"

The Queen  
Said to Nancy,  
"I left it  
At the Palace.  
But don't you  
Think my hat  
Is a thing  
To admire?  
Don't you  
Think it's prettier  
Than any golden crown  
Would be?"  
And Nancy  
Said "Yes!"—  
The cunning  
Little  
Liar!  
—F. P. A., in New York World.

The Typewriter and the Telephone  
(A Modern Fantasy)

In a great office building there stood on the same desk a typewriting machine and a telephone that gazed at each other despairingly. Both were extremely sad, for all day long the typewriter had been pounded and the telephone continually shouted at. Thus, when five o'clock struck, each gave a little smile of relief, realizing that the day was finally at a close.

"If I only knew what they were talking about," moaned the poor typewriter. "Ah," sighed the other, "if I only didn't!"—London Opinion.

## In Passing

THE difference between learning to drive a motor and learning to play golf is that when you learn to play golf you don't hit anything.

—London Daily Express.

BEVERLY HILLS, California, seems to be under the impression that it is the only community in the country with a comedian in public office.—Detroit News.

"My brother was robbed in Chicago."  
"He's lucky. Most people are shot."  
—North Carolina Buccaneer.

## Right!



Right—both the watch and its fashionable gold strap. The watch was a gift but the strap he bought himself and it's the new—

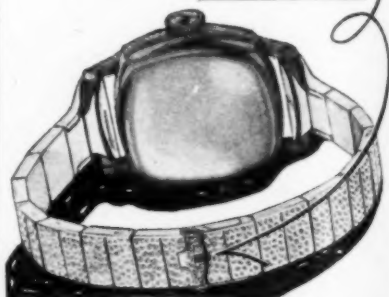
WRISTACRAT  
For MEN

More durable than leather and as smart as only fine jewelry can be, this new mannish strap is available in attractive designs to fit any style watch. Ask your jeweler to see the new WRISTACRAT, for men and women, that opens in the middle; in 12k gold filled, white, yellow and green.

Literature upon request

LOUIS STERN CO.  
Providence, R.I.

See That Catch?  
Off in an instant,  
yet doubly safe when  
on. No other strap  
has it.

COMPLEXION BEAUTY  
depends on thorough but gentle  
skin cleansing. The safe soap to use is  
**Resinol**

## BUNIONS

Quick, safe relief from Bunion pain. Prevent shoe pressure.

At all drug and shoe stores—35c

**Dr Scholl's  
Zino-pads**

Put one on—the  
pain is gone

INSIST UPON  
**KEMP'S BALSAM**  
FOR THAT COUGH!

### Another Record Swim

BILL BAXTER of Kokomo, Ind., has captured at one coup every swimming record in the books. It happened this way, according to the reliable Associated Press:

Bill was sitting on top of a locomotive tender at West, Miss., waiting for the train to pull out and haul him somewhere else. All of a sudden a brakeman hove into view. Now brakemen, for some obscure reason, become annoyed when they see somebody sitting on top of the locomotive tender. So Bill, in order to keep out of sight, slid down a manhole which was in the top of the tender. There he splashed into seven feet of water; for this locomotive tender was not a coal bin but a tank.

Well, as you may guess, Bill was surprised. And as there was nothing else to do, he swam. He swam until the train started for Yazoo City, and then he swam some more; he swam and he swam, and as he swam the water grew rougher and rougher with the swaying of the train. He grew a little seasick, but determined to keep on for the sake of the old U. S. A. Soon he had reason to regret that he had not used grease, as that would have lessened the friction as he caromed off the sides. He rested a while, using a back stroke to keep afloat. Then he swam again.

On, on, on, the same gruelling grind, with hardly a variation in his steady, rhythmic crawl. But even stout hearts grow faint, and presently Bill was on the point of giving up. But then, presto! his feet hit bottom. He had forgotten that a locomotive uses water to make steam, and that all the time he was swimming his pool had been growing shallower. Then the lights of Yazoo City came into view, and as the train came to a stop Bill climbed out, tired but triumphant.

He then found he had swum thirty miles in a little less than an hour, which breaks all records. In an interview, he said he did it for the kiddies in the Kokomo Orphan Asylum.

—New York World.

### His Chance

THE inquiring reporter went to interview the Devil on the subject of evolution, and found his Satanic Majesty watching the fundamentalist-modernist fight with joyous interest.

"No wonder you are so pleased," said the reporter. "You invented evolution, didn't you?"

"Oh, no," replied the Devil; "far from it. I just invented the argument over it."

—New Orleans Times-Picayune.

### California Papers, Please Copy

A REPORT from the Smithsonian Institution announces that the sun is a trillion years old. This comes to ten billion centuries, and some city ought to have a costly exposition about it.

—New Yorker.

THE *Globe* quotes an Atchison woman driver: "I knew he was going to hit me, so I just drove up and waited."

—Kansas City Star.

## CHOOSE A CANADIAN NATIONAL VACATION THIS YEAR



Send for these booklets on Canada's Vacation Lands.

# CANADA'S Vacation Lands

COME to this great Northland where golf, fishing, bathing, boating and other vacation joys await you—where sunny days and cool nights send you back refreshed. Many delightful resorts from Coast to Coast offer an ideal vacation.

The Provinces by the Sea—Seaside nooks and woodland playgrounds abound in the Maritime Provinces. Many popular resorts to choose from.

In ancient Quebec—the vacation-land of Romance, where old-world customs and landmarks still abound. Many lovely Lower St. Lawrence resorts offer their hospitality.

The Highlands of Ontario—camp and

fish in the wilds of Timagami, Algonquin Park and Nipigon Forest Reserve, or stop at Muskoka Lakes, Lake-of-Bays, Kawartha Lakes, Georgian Bay, and the Eastern Shores of Lake Huron.

Jasper National Park—4400 square miles of rocky mountain magnificence; golf, ride, hike, climb, swim; stop at Jasper Park Lodge, rate \$7.50 a day up—American Plan, accommodation for 450 guests. Jasper Golf Week September 10 to 17.

Canadian National operates 22,548 miles of track; fleets of coastal and ocean steamers; 102,000 miles of telegraphs; a chain of hotels. Its Express Service handles over 12,000,000 consignments annually.

Fill out coupon and send to nearest office

## CANADIAN NATIONAL

The Largest Railway System in America

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<b>Chicago</b> 108 W. Adams St.	<b>Philadelphia</b> 1500 Chestnut St.
<b>Cincinnati</b> 432 Walnut St.	<b>Pittsburgh</b> 555 Fifth Ave.
<b>Cleveland</b> 925 Euclid Ave.	<b>Portland, Me.</b> Grand Trunk Ry. Sta.
<b>Detroit</b> 1259 Griswold St.	<b>Portland, Ore.</b> 129 Third St.
<b>Duluth</b> 430 W. Superior St.	<b>St. Louis</b> 314 No. Broadway
<b>Kansas City</b> 706 Grand Ave.	<b>St. Paul</b> 83 East Fifth St.
<b>Los Angeles</b> 607 So. Grand Ave.	<b>San Francisco</b> 689 Market St.
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LIFE-2

Name..... (If student, state grade)

Address.....

City..... State.....



# Chew DENTYNE ...and smile!



**D**ON'T be afraid to smile. Smiles make friends the world over. Teeth play a big part. They should be snowy white when red lips part in a smile. Dentyne is a delicious gum that is more than a confection. It keeps breath sweet, teeth clean and white as pearls.

• KEEPS THE TEETH WHITE •

## She Had Her Good Points

THE clinging vine of the late Nineties had her little drawbacks, but at least she didn't go in for winter sports. Judging from prints of the period, she would consent to be pushed over the ice in a kind of perambulator on runners by a man in a floating wool tippet and burn-sides; but she never disturbed the peace by wanting to catapult down Old Bald-face on skis.

She might have gone sleighing with a hot brick at her feet and her hands in a sealskin muff, but she didn't suggest sneaking the children's sleds off the back porch and going out on the hill right after a perfectly sane and orderly dinner party.

The Victorian lady was supposed not to understand men. That must give many men of to-day a big laugh. Anybody who understood men sufficiently to let them alone and to refrain from making them go skating was not exactly ignorant of the sex.

Victorian houses may not have been as

comfortable as those of to-day, but the men had a fair chance of staying in them.

—McCready Huston, in  
*Ladies' Home Journal.*

## The Great Steps

FROM Cannes comes a story about a Russian Grand Duke. An American lady, eager to be friendly with the Russian noble, showed him a long chain of malachite beads, which she had bought in the town.

"Wunnerful, don't you think, Grand Duke?" she said, running the green beads through her fingers.

"Yes," replied the Grand Duke casually. "My mother had a staircase made of it."—*London Daily Chronicle.*

## Text for a Belcher Drawing

OUR friend's charwoman has been telling her woes to him again. This time "Uncle 'Arry's wife's sister's boy, young 'Erb, 'as bin sent to a deformatory."

—*London Daily News.*

## A Musical Drum

("Customs Guard Finds Four Bottles of Whisky in Bass Drum Carried Ashore by Member of Ship's Orchestra."—*News item.*)

There's charm in the violin,

There's lure in the light guitar,  
The tender toot of the neighborly flute  
Is justly popular;

But a musical treat that has them beat,  
I'll cautiously confide,  
Is the rumty-tum of the big bass drum  
With the stick, as it were, inside.

The bugle has its friends,

The bagpipes rouse the soul,  
The clarinet and the flageolet  
Are praised from pole to pole;  
The slide trombone and the saxophone  
Are generally admired,  
And still they leave, I now perceive,  
Something to be desired.

They all are—what shall we say?

Their tones are dry, I fear.  
No liquid notes from their dull throats  
Gladden the human ear.  
But sweet in pitch and mellow and rich  
In sounds that never shock  
Is the rumty-tum of the seagoing drum  
As it marches down the dock.

—L. H. R., in *New York Times.*

## Social Barriers

Mrs. HIGHTAT (*to hopeful*): Willie, I don't want you to play with that little Klumph boy; they have such a cheap bootlegger.—*Allegheny Alligator.*



## Sousa Endorses the Harmonica

"I am a great advocate of the Harmonica," says Lieut. Commander John Philip Sousa, famous bandmaster, "and especially endorse the Harmonica bands which are winning sweeping popularity. This instrument is a foundation for a musical career; and many boys and girls who are now learning music on the harmonica will step into the great symphony orchestras and bands of our country some day."

You can learn to play a Hohner Harmonica with the aid of the Free Instruction Book. Get a Hohner "Marine Band" today and ask for the free book. If your dealer is out of copies, write M. Hohner, Inc., Dept. 223, 114 East 16th Street, New York City.



# Life is about to Spring

many delightful numbers  
in celebration of the  
vernal season.

**Y**ES—the great Spring Drive for louder and longer laughs is about to commence. In view of the generally festive spirit of the times, LIFE is preparing to keep its readers in good humor from now until the opening of the one-piece season in June.

\* \* \*

**N**EXT [week, we will present a new *JOHN HELD* cover, another of *ELLI-SON HOOVER'S* "Collegiate Impressions"—and one of those Questionnaires that have taken the place of Crossword Puzzles as sources of general annoyance.

\* \* \*

**F**OLLOWING that—the *ALL FOOLS' NUMBER*—with a cover by *F. G. COOPER*, a cartoon drawn and interpreted by *ROBERT BENCHLEY* and various other features too humorous to mention.

\* \* \*

**T**HEN—the *TRAVEL NUMBER*—for which *COLES PHILLIPS* has designed one of his most alluring covers. *GLUYAS WILLIAMS* and *MONTAGUE GLASS* will also be represented therein.

\* \* \*

**A**FTER that, in rapid succession, come the *EASTER, SPORT* and *FASHION NUMBERS*—and a merrier array you couldn't hope to see.

\* \* \*

**O**F COURSE, the *ALIBI CONTEST* will be continued from week to week, providing a pleasant pastime for our more quick-witted readers.

You'll find an *ALIBI* on page 13 of this issue.

If you haven't already entered this Contest, we can assure you that now is an excellent time to start.

read **Life** regularly  
EVERY week!

ESTABLISHED 1818

## Brooks Brothers,

### CLOTHING,

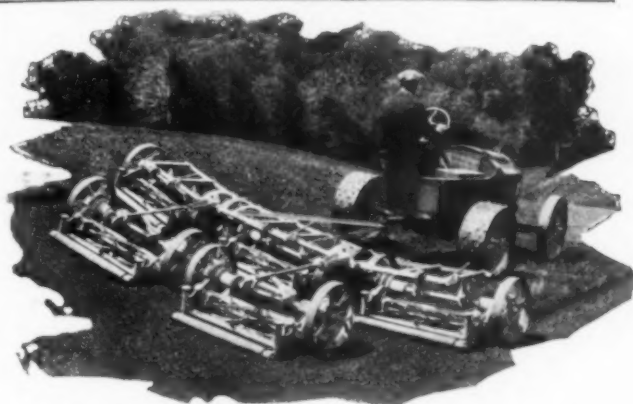
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,  
MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET, N. Y.



Overcoats, Hats, Shoes, etc.

Send for BROOKS's Miscellany

<b>B O S T O N</b>	<b>P A L M B E A C H</b>	<b>N E W P O R T</b>
LITTLE BUILDING	PLAZA BUILDING	AUDRAIN BUILDING
TREMONT COR. BOYLSTON	COUNTY ROAD	220 BELLEVUE AVENUE



**C**OUNTRY Club Greens Committees are now keeping down both the grass and the Greens Budget with the tractor-drawn **PENNSYLVANIA Super Fairway Mower**. On many average 18-hole courses it is cutting all the fairways in less than two days. Both on the links and in public parks, the Super Fairway reduces mowing time and labor, gives uninterrupted service and always leaves the lawn or fairway uniformly smooth.

The **PENNSYLVANIA Super Roller Mower** is the precision mower for putting greens and tennis courts. It is light-running—easy to push. It cuts an 18-inch swath and positively leaves no waves or ridges.

Write for your copy of attractive new catalogue illustrating and describing the complete line of **PENNSYLVANIA Quality Mowers** for public parks and golf courses.

**PENNSYLVANIA LAWN MOWER WORKS**  
1625 North 23d Street, Philadelphia



**PENNSYLVANIA**  
Quality  
LAWN MOWERS



Foot-  
Joy  
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.  
*The Shoe that's Different*

HERE is no substitute for foot comfort. And without it, smartness in style is worthless. That Foot-Joy shoes accomplish both style and comfort is a fact, attested by letters from thousands of men all over the country.

This comfort is the result of more than a study of foot construction. Men walk today constantly on concrete, tile, cement and marble floors and walks. Foot-Joy Shoes are designed to give the proper foundation to meet this unnatural condition. And so, men write us enthusiastically of Foot-Joy comfort. "I wouldn't know I had feet at 5 o'clock at night" is a phrase encountered in letter after letter.

Permit us to send you the Foot-Joy booklet showing smart shoe styles for all occasions for sport, street and formal wear.

FIELD & FLINT CO., Brockton, Mass.

Also makers of

The famous *Anatomix* Shoes for Men

Name.....  
Address.....L.G.

## Broadcastings

(Continued from page 15)

only charges twenty cents a pound," the customer protested.

"Then why didn't you buy it from Schwartz?" the butcher asked.

"Because Schwartz didn't have any," the customer explained.

"Well, when I ain't got any," the butcher said, "I also charge twenty cents a pound."

\* \* \*

NOBODY can fathom the mind of an ambitious politician, and it is therefore unfair to assume that any particular Senator means what he says about China, the Eighteenth Amendment, Mexico or Nicaragua. He is merely appealing to his constituents, and an ambitious politician always underestimates the intelligence of his constituents; he probably argues that if they knew anything at all, they never would have voted for him in the first place. However, as there seems to be an all-pervading public sentiment in favor of peace no matter what happens to American trade in Mexico, China or Nicaragua, those of our Senators who have impressive forelocks of hair and solemn disinheriting countenances are talking about Mexico, China and Nicaragua as if these countries were populated by millions of Nathan Hales, Paul Reveres and Ethan Allens. It is quite unnecessary to endow the miserable, filthy and ignorant inhabitants of these benighted countries with qualities of patriotism they will never possess. Just call for a show of hands. All those in favor of dying so that Mexico and Nicaragua may be made safe for Mr. Sinclair, Mr. Doheny and Mr. Rockefeller, please raise the right hand. All those in favor of their sons' dying so that the people of China may acquire a taste for chewing gum, Fords and mechanical musical instruments, please say: Aye.

A profound silence broken only by Senators declaiming that we must be just and kind to Chinese, Nicaraguans and Mexicans, but this is not the right line for Senators to take. If they must talk themselves into the White House, it will have to be with the slogan: A Whole Skin for Every American Citizen, barring only operations for appendicitis and the necessary removal of gallstones.

## Good Advance Business

PELL: A fellow can't believe all he hears these days.

MELL: If he did he'd want to be taking every girl in town out.

FAIRY STORY—"But think of the expense to the taxpayers," objected the public official.

# SEMI HEX

## By Any Test

HOW do you judge a lead pencil? Smoothness? Comfortable writing? Strong, lasting lead? Economy? Write one hundred words with Semi-Hex and any other pencil. Compare them by any test. Let Semi-Hex itself prove to you that it is "the pencil incomparable."

5¢ at sales stationer's or send 50¢ for a trial dozen to

GENERAL PENCIL COMPANY  
Jersey City New Jersey

# a Better Pencil

Genuine   
**ASPIRIN**

Say "Bayer Aspirin"

INSIST! Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for 25 years.

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe  Accept only a Bayer package

which contains proven directions  
Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets  
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists  
Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

## Among the New Books

**Elmer Gantry.** By Sinclair Lewis (*Harcourt, Brace*). An expert literary photographer snaps another American type. This time it is the man of God. To be reviewed later.

**The Dark Gentleman.** By G. B. Stern (*Knopf*). The hero is a black spaniel, the setting is the Riviera. The story is for those who believe that dogs are secretly human, for the cast is all-canine.

**The Three Taps.** By Ronald A. Knox (*Simon & Schuster*). The title refers to the three gas taps in the room of the dead man!

**Young in the Nineties.** By Una Hunt (*Scribner*). An unpretentious story laid in a period when we (the author and I, at least) were very young.

**She Shanties.** By A. P. Herbert (*Doubleday, Page*). Light and l'it'ing lyrics about the ladies, in which A. P. H. places woman on a pedestal and then proceeds to kick it from under her.

**Billy Padley's Wife.** By Norman Venner (*Doran*). One of those tenuous romances that annually suggest the imminence of spring.

**The Big Show.** By McCready Huston (*Scribner*). The story of *Branch Diversey*, to whom life was a passing parade.

**Divots.** By P. G. Wodehouse (*Doran*). Short stories which should entertain your golfing friends.

**Wilhelm Hohenzollern.** By Emil Ludwig (*Putnam*). A thrilling biography of the last of the Kaisers.

**Philopena.** By Henry Kitchell Webster (*Bobbs-Merri'll*). A story about twins who changed personalities and wardrobes for a day or two, with complications.

**Rhapsody.** By Arthur Schnitzler (*Simon & Schuster*). A dream novel in which the hero's bizarre adventures split fifty-fifty with reality and fantasy.

**Hawkers and Walkers in Early America.** By Richardson Wright (*Lib-juncott*). A fascinating book about peddlers with an amazing bibliography and many illustrations from old prints.

**The King's Henchman.** By Edna St. Vincent Millay (*Harper*). The beautiful libretto of the Metropolitan's latest opera in English.

**The Baby Grand.** By Stacy Aumonier (*Henry Holt*). Short stories.

**Song of Life.** By Fannie Hurst (*Knopf*). Short stories.

**The Golden Centipede.** By Louise Gerard (*Dutton*). A story of adventure in Africa, with romance and barbaric mystery on the side.

**One Crystal and a Mother.** By Ellen DuPois Taylor (*Harper*). A novel of modern Chicago. To be reviewed later.

B. L.

## Honor

LITTLE SUSANNE stood beside her mother and listened to some purpose one morning when the latter was telephoning to the local paper an advertisement concerning a lost pocketbook and offering a reward for its return. A few days later Susanne went to the phone and called the paper, which happens to have a very easy number. On getting her party Susanne said in a clear, high little voice:

"I want to adve'tise something. Losted, one arm off my doll, and I must have spilt it on the street. Please bring it back to my home. Reward of merit."

—New York Sun.



"Well, Bob, it's five minutes past two. What's the story going to be?"

"Oh, I'll tell her we had a blowout."

"That would never get past MY wife. She knows I use Kelly-Springfields."

# If you are hard to shave

Try this  
New Way!

A TOUGH beard and a tender face put a big responsibility on a razor. Even a keen edge needs all the help you can give it.

But there is a new shaving cream that makes any razor work faster and smoother. It is uncompromising with unruly whiskers but mild and soothing to the tenderest skin.

Fougère Royale is its name. It was made for the man who is inclined to be fussy about his face.

Fougère Royale (Royal Fern) Shaving Cream absorbs brushful of water and whips up a close, fine-textured, beard-softening lather with the refreshing odor of Royal Fern.

Ask your druggist today for the fifty-cent tube of Fougère Royale, or send a dime and the coupon below. Learn this new way to "the better shave."

*Fougère Royale After-Shaving Lotion is soothing, healing and cooling after a close shave. Restores moisture to the skin, evaporates quickly and is not sticky. It's a new product but most druggists already have it—75c.*

## Fougère Royale Shaving Cream

Pronounced Foo-Zhaire Royal

Shaving Cream, 50c;  
After-Shaving  
Lotion, 75c;  
Shaving Stick, 75c;  
Talcum, \$1.00;  
Eau Vegetale, \$1.25;  
Facial Soap, 50c.



HOUBIGANT, Inc. Dept. L-8  
539 West 45th Street, New York City

I want to try Fougère Royale Shaving Cream. Here is my dime.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

### Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 16)

hair, each one of them accounting for the shearing on the grounds that her locks were beginning to fall out. Lord! I do believe that I shall laugh in the face of the next one of my contemporaries who gives me such an excuse, and also add that I had supposed she had resorted to such an extremity because she could no longer get her arms to her head.

February 24th Word came this morning from my dressmakers' clerk that the material

I did choose for my new sports costume cannot be had, the only alternative being in beige, and Sam, hearing me lament over the telephone that all the news from Paris is that beige is being strategically forced out of the best collections, did ask me if I was so little of an individualist as to be a slave to fashion, and I did meet such a masculine observation with the silence it merited... Lunching at home alone, I did order a rarebit of cheese, but I did find to my amazement that I could not quite finish it, and did experience another of those premonitions that the great red team may not be what it used to be. But when I did confide my fears to my husband, he did respond that no medico of his acquaintance would become agitated over a woman's failing to consume the last three bites of a large Welsh rarebit, so my fears may be groundless, and I do pray God that they are, for multimillionaires whose stomachs have been removed or sewed up at Johns Hopkins surely cannot have much of a time on their one string bean and bran cracker a day, and how would such depleted rations go with me, who half the time am not even solvent at the bank?

Baird Leonard.

"It Seems There Were Once  
Two Irishmen..."

(Continued from page 9)

Esthore? Is there still water in Kilarney's lakes or does it toss to and fro with the sound of the shrill laughter of the Sidhe? Do all cars transfer to O'Bloomingdale's? Does your mother know you're out?

Tell me, and belike if I can put my mind to it, I'll tell you a story of two Irishmen that was told me by my Uncle Timothy's man, Jerry Peaghtgh. "Well," said Jerry, "savin' your presence, it seems there was once two Irishmen..."

"You're a dirty, blackguardly liar, Jerry Peaghtgh," said I, which is our way of taking polite exception to a man's statements.

## CHEER UP IT'S NOT A BAD WORLD AFTER ALL

Remember the Knickerbocker in the old days? Caruso lived there and Old King Cole hung over the long, damp bar?

Sometimes, the crowd stayed late and high-balls came too often. But the next morning, the real New Yorker cleared his head with a glass of Tarrant's and was ready for the market to open.

Tarrant's is a marvelous saline that you drink like a mineral water. It is pleasant to the taste and brings almost immediate relief.

Since 1844 doctors have prescribed Tarrant's for indigestion, constipation, headache, dyspepsia and rheumatism. 154,627 physicians' letters in our files testify to its effectiveness.

A little of this perfect blend of basic salts and other harmless ingredients in a glass of water makes a wonderful drink. Get a bottle of time-tested, time-proved Tarrant's from your druggist today. Make it a regular morning drink. Just ask for Tarrant's.

FIRST THING IN THE MORNING

**TARRANT'S**  
SELTZER APERIENT  
ASK FOR  
TARRANT'S

**STOPS**  
SHOPPING  
SICKNESS

and the exhaustion, faintness, nausea and dizziness caused by travel motion. Journey by Sea, Train, Car, Auto or Air in perfect comfort with Mothersill's.

75c. & \$1.50 at Drug Stores or direct

The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.  
New York Montreal  
Paris London

**MOTHERSILL'S**  
SEASICK  
REMEDY  
25 Years In Use

FOR MEN OF BRAINS  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

# MURAD

THE WORLD'S BEST CIGARETTE

For the man  
who feels entitled  
to life's  
better  
things



## An Alibi Upset

EVER a stickler for promptness, the president of a large New York manufacturing and sales corporation insists that his department managers be as much on time in the morning as their employees. Tardiness rouses him to righteous wrath. Well knowing the idiosyncrasy of "the chief," a manager who had experimented with the night-club curfew awoke in his bachelor hotel the other morning to face a clock that foretold disaster. His chances of getting in under the barrier were equal to those of the celluloid rat pursued through hedges by the asbestos cat, so he be-thought him of an alibi. Summoning Mose, trusted and reliable Negro bellhop, he issued instructions.

"Go down to a booth telephone," he ordered, "and call my office, and after you get Mr. Blank on the wire tell him that I am very ill. Tell him that when I arose this morning I was taken with a spell of dizziness, and after trying to dress I was forced to return to bed, but

that in a few hours I may be able to get to the office."

After a time Mose returned to the apartment and reported he had carried out his orders.

"I done told him all you done told me to tell him, boss," stated Mose.

"And what did he say to you?" inquired the tardy one.

"He done asked me who I was," replied the bellhop.

"And what did you tell him?" asked the manager.

"Why, I done said to him, 'T'se de doctah, boss.'"

—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

## Fairy Story

ONCE upon a time a prominent person had a reporter write a series of personal articles for a syndicate, and he didn't say a word in them about what he thought constituted the secrets of success.—New Orleans Times-Picayune.

## Golfer's Measure

WIFE: Was the sermon long, dear?

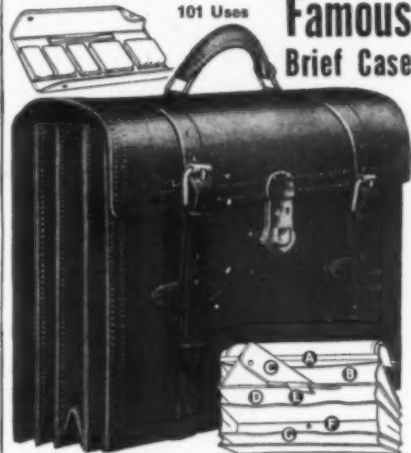
HUB: Three or four holes, anyway.

—Boston Transcript.

Who has been teaching the young idea to shoot itself?—Arkansas Gazette.



## AMERICA'S MOST Famous Brief Case



YOURS FOR 10 DAYS ABSOLUTELY FREE

"VERSATILE" 5-in-1 Brief Case—nothing like it! Combines Brief Case, Week-End Case, Traveling Bag, Sample Case, Catalogue Case,—5 bags practically for the price of one. 17-inch size, top grain selected COWHIDE. Patented Steel Bar Construction prevents edges from sagging, curling. Retains smart lines ALWAYS! Colors: Handsome Brown and Black.

- (A) Secret pocket, cleverly hidden: for valuable papers, bonds, reports, contracts, precious manuscripts, money, etc.
- (B) Pocket containing removable Toilet Kit.
- (C) Fold-up Toilet Kit, heavy Fabricoid. Fields flat: may be carried to Pullman or hotel washroom. Useful for camp, cottage, business trips. Kit has silk rubber waterproof pockets for Hair Brush, Comb, Razor, Shaving Cream, Tooth Brush, Powder, etc. (See illustration over Brief Case.)
- (D) Semi-stiff partition: for sketches, drawings, catalogues, magazines, stationery, order books, layouts, etc.
- (E) Loop for Pencil or Fountain Pen.
- (F) Patented, disappearing flap—when pressed down, spreads bottom so that case CAN NOT tip over! It stands up as FIRMLY as a suitcase. This flap also extends pocket (F) to great width for shirts, collars, socks, ties, extra trousers, underwear, bathing suit, etc.
- (G) Utility pocket for odds and ends—5 pockets in all! You simply MUST see "VERSATILE" Case to appreciate it!

Sold DIRECT! Send NO Money!

WE supply the "VERSATILE" to executives, bankers, teachers, traveling men, accountants, secretaries, salesmen, clergymen, architects, attorneys, students, etc. It is smart looking, "nobby" English tailored style, Stamps owner a person of importance. A real \$20 Brief Case. Our "direct-by-mail" price for limited time to feature our LUGGAGE DIVISION is..... **\$14.95**

Our Plan is Different!

Send No Money! Pay NOTHING on delivery! Use "Versatile" Brief Case for 10 Days absolutely FREE! If pleased you may pay on Budget Plan:—

**\$4.00 MONTHLY**

or, if you wish to pay cash at end of 10 DAYS, deduct \$1.20 and send Check or Money Order for \$13.75 in FULL SETTLEMENT. Otherwise return it. Order NOW!

**\$13.75**

## SEAEVER - WILLIAMS CO.

Importers, Exporters, National Mail-Order House

"3 Generations of Honorable Dealings"

365 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.

Sole Distributors of "Versatile" Brief Case,

Gentlemen—Send me \$14.95 "Versatile" Brief Case

for 10 Days' FREE TRIAL on the above plan.

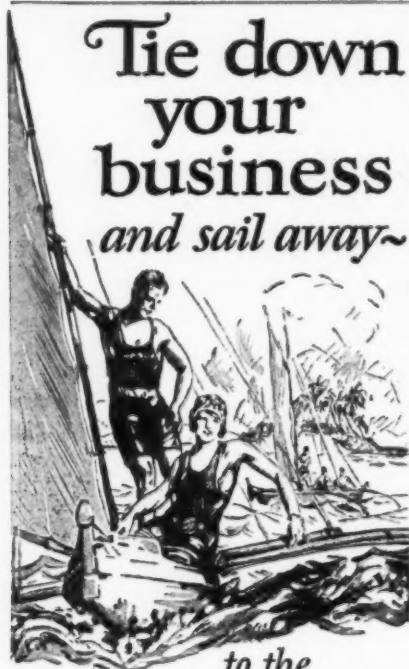
Color desired.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

City and mail this Ad. If a new customer, please tell us something about yourself. We will appreciate and respect the information. THANK YOU. Life 3-17-27

**SALES MANAGERS** Large institutions are using and premium to sales force. Write for quantity prices.



## Tie down your business and sail away~ to the ISLAND of your DREAMS

HAVEN'T you ever wished to be a foot-loose, carefree beachcomber on a palm-fringed shore—way down in the warm South Seas?

... to spend happy vagabond weeks, day-dreaming ... just listening to the lullaby of silken surf on coral sand ... forgetting time?

Here in sunny Hawaii—less than a week's voyage—you can be as lazy as you like. A few days, and then you'll find new zest in golf—new vim in the morning plunge in Waikiki—new appetite in golden papaya and Kona coffee at breakfast—new thrills in peeping safely into a live volcano.



Four or five weeks and \$400 or \$500 cover the time and cost from the Pacific Coast, including steamers (round trip) and all expenses and sight-seeing. A great new hotel at Waikiki and a mammoth new liner now building. Sail direct from San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle or Vancouver—any steamship, railroad or tourist agent can book you right from your home.

Write today for illustrated brochure in colors.

# Hawaii

HAWAII TOURIST BUREAU  
227 McCANN BLDG., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.  
OR 355 FORT STREET, HONOLULU, HAWAII, U.S.A.

### Smoke

"The Anglo-Saxon race is doomed unless women stop smoking cigarettes."—Dr. Daniel H. Kress, Washington nerve specialist.

I don't believe

In getting exercised about posterity;  
Nor do I grieve

To think that all our culture, our prosperity,

Our moral standards, the supreme dexterity

In high finance and politics that we've  
Been able to achieve,

Will disappear with marvellous celerity,  
Just because Eve

Defies (as usual) some eternal verity,  
And man must pay for her superb temerity.

Woman's precocity

Is not a theme that stirs me to ferocity.  
The instability that marks our spouses

In me arouses

No errant gusts of animosity.

Man makes the world, but though he  
loves to boss it he

Would be as ponderous as the ox that  
browzes,

Were 't not that woman cows his

Ebullient ego, curbs his huge pomposity,  
Till the dour soul his knotty carcase  
houses

Becomes as keen and joyous as his frau's  
is.

Wherefore if woman, bless her,

Enjoys a cigarette,

I hold no brief for those that would  
suppress her,

Since of two evils I prefer the lesser;

And if the race is doomed—as per the  
threat

Just uttered by the medical assessor

(He strikes me as a most indifferent  
guesser.

But that is quite beside the point), why,  
let

Posterity worry; I'll not be upset

Woman's too fierce for me to be the  
aggressor,

Or rouse the seven devils that possess  
her

When she can't get

The thing she's after. Yes, sir,

In this affair I'm on her side, you bet,  
But don't let that discourage you, Pro-

fessor,

—"Algol," in *London Evening News*.

### In the City of Graves

YOUNG ALSTON had come from his up-country home to visit his Charleston relatives. On being driven around the city, sightseeing, he noticed the white stones at the street corners.

"What's those things, Auntie?" he asked.

"Silent policemen, dear," said Auntie, absently.

"Why, Auntie," exclaimed Alston in a shocked little voice, "do they bury all the policemen in the middle of the street?"—*Charleston News and Courier*.

WE all like sympathy so well that even a rich man tries to get you to pity him because of hardships he endured before he made his fortune.

—*Milwaukee Journal*.

## Going Strong



Johnnie Walker  
CIGARETTES  
for 20¢  
Extremely Mild



### The Lure of the Ancient Trail

THERE are trails that are older than history waiting for you today. Out through the purple hills they lead to that land of dreams—come-true. Go follow these trails—these water trails at the helm of a sturdy "Old Town Canoe."

For "Old Town Canoes" are durable and strong. They are light in weight and surprisingly easy to handle. Their lines are graceful and trim—patterned after actual Indian models. Remarkably low in price too. \$58.00 up. From dealer or factory.

Free illustrated catalog gives prices and complete information about sailing canoes, square stern canoes for outboard motors, dinghies, etc. Write today. OLD TOWN CANOE Co., 1733 Middle Street, Old Town, Maine.

"Old Town Canoes"

## The Jintown Weekly

Personals and Society

YOUNG JED BITTLE had only one worry when he left for the Big Town to seek his fortune. He wonders what he'll do after he outgrows New York.

A cold spell struck Jintown last week and Bootlegger Ike Stubbs had to put alcohol in his liquor to keep it from freezing.

Miss Mazie Slump was married to Mr. Tom Slinker last Friday afternoon. The wedding of this popular couple took place in Parson Pilkins' living room. The bride is a graduate of the sixth grade at Goose Ankle Graded School and the groom is in charge of the shoe department at the Commercial House Barber Shop.

Frank Tatum, formerly of Jintown, was an English Duke in New York and getting along fine till Mrs. Vanderbilt's Hispano stalled and he looked under the front seat for the gas tank.

Young Lem Hunnicutt failed to make a single team at the University. He returned home after three years in college with nothing to show for it but an education.—Barrie Payne,

Associated Editors (Chicago).

## A Telling Blow

GOLF to Irvin Cobb has always been a matter of companionship and exercise, not a test of skill or science. He is indifferent to any score he may make on any hole, whether it be a three or a seventeen. I fixed up a match one day at Pelham for Cobb with George Duncan and Abe Mitchell. Golf to Duncan is a religion, a literature, an art and a science. When Irvin S. walked up and took his stance the famous Scot almost fainted. He dashed up and changed every detail of Cobb's game—grip, stance, spread of feet, position of knees and shoulders, head, ankles and the rest of it. "Now," said Duncan, "don't forget to pivot."

The Paducah Phenom took a terrific belt at the ball.

"Gosh," said Duncan, "you missed it clean!"

"Nothing of the sort," said Cobb. "I distinctly saw it flinch."

—Grantland Rice, in *Collier's*.

## Equitation

FIVE-YEAR-OLD Vonette was telling her godmother how she had ridden on the wooden horses at the village fair.

"And did they strap you on so you wouldn't fall off?" asked her godmother.

"Strap me! Oh, no!" replied Vonette, indignantly. "They tied the horse to me so he couldn't run away."

—L'Echo de Paris.

PROUD PARENT: I hope you appreciate the fact, sir, that in marrying my daughter you marry a large-hearted, generous girl.

YOUTH: I do, sir, and I hope she inherits these qualities from her father.

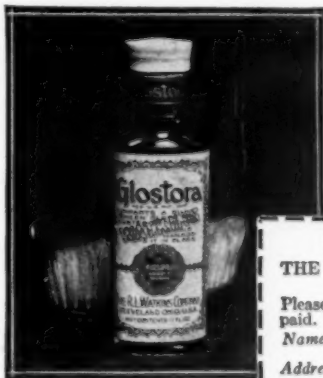
—Answers (London).



## Adds Gloss and Lustre, Makes Your Hair Easy to Manage

IF you want to make your hair easy to manage and add to its natural gloss and lustre, this is very easy to do.

Just put a few drops of Glostora on the bristles of your hair brush, and brush it through your hair when you dress it. You will be surprised at the result. It will give your hair an unusually rich, silky gloss and lustre—instantly.



A generous sample FREE upon request.

Glostora simply makes your hair more beautiful by enhancing its natural wave and color. It keeps the wave and curl in, and leaves your hair so soft and pliable, and so easy to manage, that it will stay any style you arrange it, even after shampooing—whether long or bobbed.

A few drops of Glostora impart that bright, brilliant, silky sheen, so much admired, and your hair will fairly sparkle and glow with natural gloss and lustre.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store or toilet goods counter. Try it! You will be delighted to see how much more beautiful your hair will look, and how easy it will be to manage.

## Send This Coupon and Try it FREE

THE R. L. WATKINS COMPANY 27-G-38  
1276 West 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me FREE, a sample of GLOSTORA, all charges paid.

Name.....

Address.....

In Canada address  
THE R. L. WATKINS CO., 462 Wellington St., West, Toronto 2-Ont;

## Terminology

O SCIENCE, when you raise a storm,

This much you always do:

You make six syllables perform

The work of one or two!

—Washington Star.

MUSSOLINI is to be modeled in wax for Madame Tussaud's Museum in London, but we fancy he will hardly feel flattered unless he is shown in a group surrounded by a crowd of himself.

—Detroit News.

## Putting It Low

SOME one in a London suburb is advertising a "rather nice flat." Modest, isn't it? and clever, for a good many people who want nice flats are attracted more by under-statement than by exaggeration. If the example were to be followed we should see advertisements of houses "fairly convenient," motor-cars "moderately well-built," opera cloaks "not too bad," and cigarettes with "a pretty good flavor."

—London Daily Chronicle.

Don't  
Be  
Ridiculous!

IF you leave the delicate lining of your throat unprotected you're almost as silly as this "snow-bird." Cold air, dust, germs, striking your throat cause coughs and colds. It's dangerous. Why take the risk?

Smith Brothers' cough drops safely protect and gently medicate the throat tissues. They quickly soothe irritation, relieve hoarseness, ease and stop the cough. Your whole throat is cooled, cleared, and refreshed.

Two kinds: S-Bs (licorice) and Menthol (orange box). **5c**  
Keep a box handy always.

"The cheapest health insurance in the world"

**SMITH BROTHERS**  
**COUGH DROPS**



## 4 out of 5 Have Razor Pains

But not the folks who shave with Barbasol. No, sir; all slick and swift and cool for them. No brush. No rub-in. Use Barbasol—3 times—according to directions.

'Mister, you're next!'

**Barbasol**  
For Modern Shaving

The Barbasol Company  
Indianapolis, Ind.

I enclose 10c. Please send trial tube.

Name .....

Address .....



It's so  
easy  
to use



and what a relief!

Just shake Allen's Foot-Ease into your shoes in the morning and walk all day in comfort. It takes but a moment, and is better than a "daily dozen" for putting "pep" into your feet and at night you can dance and not get foot-sore.

Allen's Foot-Ease takes the friction from the shoes, soothes tender, tired, aching feet, absorbs perspiration and relieves calluses, corns and bunions.

For free sample send your name and address to Allen's Foot-Ease, Le Roy, N. Y.

Ask at any drug store or toilet goods counter for—



**ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE**

BUSH TERMINAL PRINTING CORPORATION, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

## Conditions of the Great Alibi Contest

(Please turn to page 13 for other information.)

EACH week we will publish a different picture in the ALIBI CONTEST—the picture this week being marked "ALIBI NUMBER FOURTEEN."

The first prize of \$50.00 will be awarded each week to the contestant who, in the opinion of the Judges, furnishes the cleverest and most convincing conclusion to the sentence which starts, "Well, you see, it was this way..." Five second prizes of \$10.00 each will be awarded to the runners-up.

Answers must not exceed twenty-five words in length; this word limit, however, is not intended to include the captions under the Contest pictures as originally published in LIFE.

There is no limit to the number of answers to each Contest picture that any one contestant may submit. Nor is it necessary for a contestant to submit answers to more than one of the Contest pictures to be eligible for a prize.

The Judges will be three of the Editors of LIFE.

In the event of a tie, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each of the tying contestants.

Answers should be typewritten or clearly written on one side of the paper. Every single sheet of manuscript submitted must be plainly marked with the contestant's name and address. The Judges cannot undertake to return any of the manuscripts submitted in this Contest.

Answers to ALIBI NUMBER FOURTEEN should be so marked, and sent to ALIBI CONTEST EDITOR, LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City. All answers to ALIBI NUMBER FOURTEEN must reach LIFE's office before 12 noon on March 31, 1927. Announcement of the winners will be made in the issue of April 21, 1927.

The Contest is open to all and is not limited to subscribers to LIFE. Members of LIFE's staff, and their families, are barred from competition.

### Advice from His Corner

THE back-seat driver has appeared in pugilism. A local fighter turned to listen to his second the other night and the floor rose up and struck him.

—Detroit News.

LORD PORTSMOUTH says scientists are needed on modern ranches, not cowboys. But we shall never take kindly to a film chase of absent-minded professors armed with test-tubes.—Punch.

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